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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

(From the Young Lady's Companion, by Miss Coxe.)

To a young lady, educated as you have been by pious and judicious parents, and from infancy sedulously shielded from those grosser modes of temptation, by which the great adversary of our souls seeks to allure a large portion of our race to sin and eternal death, there are no trials to her virtue which will be so continually presented, neither are there any, by which she will be more liable to be overcome, than those which assail her temper.

Take the great mass of our sex, especially as they are at present situated, in our own country, and, (unless some obliquity of mental vision perverts our judgment,) we cannot fail to acknowledge, that the appropriate and legitimate sphere of female action, lies within the bosom of the domestic circle. Home is the hallowed centre, around which is to be described the circle allotted to woman, the beauty and perfection of which depends not so much on its comparative dimensions, as on the accuracy of its proportions; in the same manner that the orbit of the least member of the planetary system, is as perfect in its kind, as that of the magnificent Saturn; both revolving alike around one great central luminary.

It is that disciple of the Savior 'who bears *his mild* yoke, that serves him best.' She who, in obedience to his divine command, is continually 'looking unto Jesus,' as the great Sun of her moral system, may glorify him as effectually, though not so conspicuously, while in the privacy of domestic life, she 'only stands and waits,' in the faithful discharge of every relative duty, as they, who,

'At his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean, without rest.'

Nor let us despise such trials, as our daily routine of domestic duty presents, and while we yield passively to trivial temptations, comfort ourselves with the idea, that our faith and love could have borne heavier ones, unflinchingly. God looks at the principle which is involved in our conduct, much more than the occasion which elicits it; and I doubt not, but that 'He whose favor is life,' never fails to regard with benignity, his child, who, when interrupted in any of her favourite pursuits, by the entrance of unexpected and unpleasant visiters, struggles from principle with her selfish inclinations, and welcomes her guests in a hospitable manner, and from a spirit of love, bears with their disagreeable qualities, listens kindly to their uninteresting conversation; and checks the rising *repartee at their expense*; or her, who, when reading an interesting book, or copying some fine sketch, or coloring some delicate flower, is called off, either to discharge some homely domestic duty in the kitchen, or to the nursery, to attend to the wants of a younger brother or sister, and can obey the call, not only without peevishness or irritability, but with a serene and cheerful brow. She who can thus yield her only inclinations quietly to the call of duty, *evinces* herself to be a genuine disciple of her *self*-denying Master, and may hope hereafter, to hear the same blessed words of approbation from his divine lips, as he once vouchsafed to address to a female disciple of old; 'She hath done what she could.'

'Since trifles makes the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs,
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.'
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend;
There, Sensibility, thou best may'st reign,
Home is thy true legitimate domain.'

The occasion for the conquest of your temper will be found sometimes so trifling, that you will be almost ashamed to own to yourself, that it can excite so powerful a struggle; nevertheless, it will be a conflict between the Spirit of holiness and the prince of evil, and whatever victory is obtained, can be only achieved by divine assistance. However uninteresting the internal struggle may be to our fellow creatures, it may be confidently assured that it is not unknown or unnoticed by the great Searcher of hearts, who has expressly declared, that 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.' Even on principles of mere worldly policy, it is emphatically our interest to learn to command ourselves; for the most prosperous circumstances are no security for happiness, to a ruffled and perverse temper. Such was the unholy spirit evinced by the proud Haman of old; he had been loaded with favors by the Persian monarch, who heaped honor upon honor on the head of his favorite, but said Haman, in the bitterness and perverseness of his heart, 'All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate.'

You, I doubt not, have, in the course of your experience, found the pleasure of an otherwise delightful excursion, entirely marred, or an evening company made quite uncomfortable, by the presence of one unamiable spirit.

However great may be the suffering which these irascible or perverse beings can inflict on their family and friends, I am well convinced by the observations which I have made on such occasions, that the pang which they have it in their power to produce in the hearts of others, is not comparable to the suffering which they themselves endure. If others are not able to withdraw personally from the reach of the darts which these angry tempers are dealing forth, they may at least so cover their breasts with the adorning of a 'meek and quiet spirit,' that the envenomed shafts cannot lodge within; but the unhappy victim of such passions cannot escape from herself, but will make a 'hell within,' however fair may be her earthly paradise.

There are many practical illustrations laid down in the Word of God for our guidance, which are repulsive to the worldly-minded, and in direct opposition to their tastes and prejudices; but among these we can scarcely include the Apostolic injunction, recorded in 1 Pet. iii. 3 and 4 vs., which was indeed primarily for the female 'strangers scattered through Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, and Bythinia,' but which will remain as long as the world lasts, preceptively binding upon Christian women of all ages, and of every clime. St. Peter urged his female converts to seek this truly feminine grace, 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' not because it would render them more lovely and engaging in the eyes of their fellow creatures, but for this reason, that in 'the sight of God it was of great price.'

The devotee of fashion, and she whose ambition is limited in its range to earthly objects, inculcates upon her youthful female charge, to seek the attainment of refined elegance and polished gentleness of manner, as the graces which will be their passport to admiration in genteel society. The end attained by the Christian Apostle and the worldly mother, may appear very nearly the same to the casual observer, unaccustomed to discriminate between that gentleness which is the result of good breeding, and that which is the offspring of Christian humility; but He whose prerogative it is to 'search the heart and try the reins,' detects an immense difference.

That command over the temper and language, which is merely the effect of worldly polish, attractive as it undoubtedly is, may nevertheless, be an external decoration, thrown around a heart which the fire of unholy passions may be inwardly consuming; while the adorning which the Apostle requires, is but the outward manifestation of the presence of the Spirit of God, in the heart which he has deigned to beautify and adorn for his dwelling-place and temple.

Some families insensibly acquire such a habit of contradicting one another, that it would almost seem, as if they found a pleasure in thus acting. You cannot make a morning call, or share a meal with them, that is not embittered by petty bickering or angry arguments. The brothers are unreasonable, and the sisters impatient—the children are fretful and spoiled, and the mother irritable. As we take our leave of the family where discord reigns, are we not constrained to acknowledge, that if 'temper' is not 'every thing,' it is, at least, one of the most important of earthly treasures?

Let not her whose disposition is unnaturally irritable or perverse, be driven to despair, if she meets with repeated discomfitures. Let her confess her sins in deep abasement before God, and implore their forgiveness through the blood of Christ; let her also seek his Holy Spirit to subdue and mortify her temper—let her watch and pray against temptation, and armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, let her go forward to the conflict, and in due season, she *shall* reap, if she faint not.

Perhaps in no respect do professing Christian females more injure the cause which they are bound to serve, that by the indulgence of improper tempers. 'The woman, who, reposing on the laurels of her boasted virtue, allows herself to be disobliging, a peevish, a gloomy, a discontented companion, defeats one great end of the marriage institution, which is happiness. The wife who violates the marriage vow, is indeed criminal; but the very magnitude of her crime emancipates her husband; while she who makes him, not dishonorable, but wretched, fastens on him a misery for life, from which no laws can free him, and under which religion alone can support him.'*

In like manner it is incumbent on every daughter, 'as a positive duty, to study to make home agreeable,' to her parents, and other members of the domestic circle—to smooth down the little cross occurrences that will happen in the best regulated family—to study to cheer and comfort the declining years of her father and mother, and in every way to make them happy, consistently with her duty to God.

Let every woman then, my dear E— who has 'named the name of Christ,' whether she be wife, mother, daughter, or sister, bear in mind the infinite importance of having her temper in subjection to principle; let her not be commended for amiability abroad, and indulge without compunction at home, in a suspicious, irritable, or perverse temper. Let her not make that meal, which should be the most cheerful of the day, insipid by her conduct. She professes to consider herself called to 'endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' let her not be discomfited by a smoky apartment or a negligent servant. She may have evinced fortitude under some great trial; let her not be irritated if she find her coffee ill-made, or of an improper temperature. She professes to practise self-command; let not her temper then be overcome by the awkwardness of a child in tossing over the contents of its cup, either on her snowy table-linen, or unsoiled dress. If the roll is badly baked, or the butter indifferent, how much will the evils be aggravated by what one of the old writers calls, the unsavory sauce of ill-humor. The occasions which I have specified, for the display of bad tempers in the domestic circle, may appear too trivial to enumerate, nevertheless, it is precisely an aggregate of such small sins, as most frequently saps the foundation of fire-side enjoyments.

I recollect reading an anecdote some time since, in the journal of one of our popular tourists, which exhibited the disastrous effects that sometimes ensue from the want of self-government on trifling occasions. As far as I can remember, the story ran as follows:

The American tourist encountered, while travelling in a diligence in France, an elderly lady, who was a native of the country, and whose amiable and attractive manners, and good-humored endurance of fatigue and inconvenience, excited the commendation of the American. The prepossession was mutual, and before the travellers separated, the matron threw out sundry hints for the practical guidance of her more youthful associate. Among these, was a judicious caution to him against marrying any woman, before he had become well acquainted with her domestic virtues. To this end, she advised him never to visit any young lady as an admirer, at a regular hour on each returning day. The traveller manifested surprise, and inquired 'what possible evil could result from paying his visits to the object of his admiration, at stated seasons?'

'Very great deception as to character,' she replied, 'might probably be the consequence, inasmuch as the young lady knowing when her lover was to be expected, would be prepared in holiday dress and smiles, to welcome him. A friend of mine,' she said, 'had learned a useful lesson, by thus regularly making [illegible] at particular hour of the evening, on a fair acquaintance. So admirably had she appeared at these times, and so entire his heart had been taken captive; and the young lady and her family smiling on his suit, it was about to be consummated, when, a very short time previous to that fixed on for their marriage, having occasion to leave town on business during the afternoon, he called unexpectedly, at an early hour of the morning, to take farewell. The hall door was open, and he entered unannounced; while he stood just within the threshold, he heard strange and discordant notes issuing from the family sitting room, which was near at hand. The sound was so unusual, that his foot was arrested, and he found himself undesignedly a listener in a scene, never intended for his ear. It was, alas! the voice of his *bien aimee* engaged in an angry discussion with her mother, about some article of dress, in which the taste of parent and child differed—one impassioned word followed another, until finally the refractory child prevailed, and the mother, with flushed face and swimming eyes, left the apartment, and passing through the hall, disappeared. Shocked and astounded by the alarming discovery which he had so unexpectedly made, the gentleman retreated with a sorrowful heart to his lodgings—a painful and heart-rending struggle ensued, the issue of which may be readily imagined; he wrote a kind and feeling letter to her who had thus deceived him so grossly, relinquished her hand for ever, since he felt assured, that one who could not command her temper on such an occasion, to her mother, was ill qualified to render him happy as his wife.

How many such discoveries are made, my dear E——, by both man and woman, when, alas! it can profit them nothing—the irrevocable vow has been pronounced, and they have been joined together, until death shall sever the tie, with tastes uncongenial, tempers unsanctified, and wills unsubdued.

When only *one* of the parties has been deceived, great must be our commiseration for the unhappy victim of disappointed affection—she has awaked from a dream to find herself plunged in a fiery ordeal—nevertheless, let not such an one despair—though the furnace may be heated seven times, yet if she be a child of God, her compassionate Redeemer will not forsake her; he will come to her in distress, walk with her in the burning flame, and finally, in his own good time and way, bring her unscathed, through much tribulation, into the kingdom of heaven, where no further curse shall rest on her blessings, and where all tears shall be wiped from every eye.

Leaving this anecdote which I have related from memory, for you to reflect upon, I will now bid you, Farewell.

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* Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.

"THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE."

Some years ago a female of rank—a native of one of the islands in the Indian seas, having been married to a merchant of Aberdeen who had visited her country, returned with him to Scotland. There she continued to live for some years without religion of any kind; it is probable that formerly she had been a Buddhist, but she showed no appearance of devotion. Her time was spent upon her children, and her jewels, of both of which she seemed very fond. In playing with the one and adorning the other her days were passed. Whilst thus engaged, she one day heard a loud rumbling noise in Union street, where she resided, and upon looking out of the window to see what it was, beheld merely some carts filled with blocks of granite passing through the street. Disappointed, she turned to an old Scotch nurse then in the room, and remarked what a poor country Scotland was, the hills of which produced nothing but great blocks of ugly stone. In her country she intimated that from their hills they obtained gold, jewels, and precious stones. The old nurse could not for a moment allow her own country to be inferior to that of her mistress, and she replied that they had a treasure in Scotland which her mistress' country did not possess; we have, said she, the most precious of all treasures here, we have "the pearl of great price." The heathen lady's ear was instantly caught by this expression. At once she declared she must have that treasure, and was confident that her kind husband would not fail to buy it for her, let it cost indeed what it might, she would even part with all her other jewels, of which she was passionately fond, to obtain it. The old Scotch servent then intimated to her that it was not to be bought, but to be had freely, "without money and without price."—She gave her also to understand that the jewel of which she spoke was not intended as an ornament for the neck or ears, but as a blessing for the heart. The poor heathen then said, that was just what she wanted, for she was often very unhappy when she thought of all her relations whom she should never see again, and of her much-loved, though distant land; she said she often had an aching heart in spite of her children, and her comforts and her jewels. Her poor instructress then explained to her that this treasure was hid in the field of Holy Scripture, and that it was to be found by diligently seeking for it. Upon hearing this, her mistress seemed resolved upon obtaining it; she immediately began to learn to read, although before this she had refused to be instructed. She applied herself earnestly to the task; at length she became able to read the Bible, and searched it diligently until she found what she so greatly desired. In one word, she became a Christian, was a regular communicant at one of the churches in Aberdeen, and at length died a peaceful death, resting in the merits of her Saviour.

There may be many of our readers who although they have lived all their years in a Christian land, are still as utter strangers to the greatest of all its treasures as was this poor heathen. Surrounded by dear relations and children, possessed of many comforts and much earthly good, they may have been content to [illegible] without savingly acquainting [illegible] him who is above all price, precious than rubies." Dear [illegible] is the blessing for the heart." [illegible] a stranger to this blessing—to this "pearl of great price,"—O! set earnestly to work to search for it.

TO KNOW CHRIST THE GRAND CATHOLICON.

Here is the privilege of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, that as it is of eminence and height, so it is of use and convenience, and that in the highest measure; as it is a pearl for beauty, so it is for value. This knowledge is a kind of catholicon, of universal use and convenience. It is so in reference to this life. Am I in want, in contempt, in prison, in banishment, in sickness, in death? This knowlege gives me contentedness, patience, cheerfulness, resignation of myself to His will who hath sealed my peace with him, in the great covenant of his son; and I can live upon this, though I were ready to starve. I am assured that if it be for my good and the glory of his name, I shall be delivered; if not, I can be contented, so that my jewel, the peace of God, and my own conscience by the blood of Christ, be safe. Am I in wealth, honor, power, greatness, esteem in the world? This knowledge teacheth me humility, as knowing to whom I must account for it; watchfulness, as knowing that the honor of my Lord is concerned in some measure in my conduct; and that the higher the employment is, the more obnoxious I am to temptation from without, from them that watch for my halting, and from within by a deceitful heart. And in all it teacheth me not to over value my condition; nor to value myself the more by it or for it, because the knowledge of Christ Jesus presents me with an object of a higher value, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ. It teacheth me to look upon the glory of the world as rust, in comparison of the glory that excelleth, and that the greatest of men is a worm in comparison with the great God. And as thus in reference to the temporal condition of my life, this knowledge of Christ is of singular use, and makes a man a better philosopher than the best system of morals, in reference thereunto; so it guides me in the management of all relations. First, to God; presenting him unto me as full of majesty, yet full of love, which teacheth me reverence and yet access with boldness, love, and obedience. Secondly, to man; enjoining justice, which is giving every man his due; mercy, to forgive; compassion, to pity; liberality, to relieve; sobriety, in the use of creatures, and yet comfort in the enjoyment of them; a right use of the world, and yet a contempt of it in comparison of my hope. It makes death not terrible, because a most sure passage to life. I find a way to get all my sins pardoned, whereas, without this, all the world cannot contrive a satisfaction for one; I find a way to obtain such a righteousness as is valuable with God, and perfect before him, even the righteousness of God in Christ. And here I find the means and only means, to avoid the wrath to come, the terror of the judgment of the great day, and to secure everlasting life unto all eternity with the blessed God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and all the blessed angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. Thus this knowledge is useful for this life, and that which is to come, and that in the highest degree, which all other knowledge comes short of, and attains not to any one of the least of these ends."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

Winter with its hoary beard and fiery proboscis, whence hung glittering icicles from barbarian nose, now stripped the forest of its green leaves, the gardens of their blushing honors, and cast them away like worthless weeds to wither and die, and return like man, and all created nature, to their common mother—earth.

There are who complain of the different dispensations of Providence to man and the world he inhabits; that the former knows but one fleeting spring, while the other every revolving year, renews its youthful beauty till the consummation of all things arrives.

But beshrew such pestilential humgruffians, hath not the wise Dispenser of all good things made ample amends by giving us memory to recall our youthful pleasures; fancy to paint a thousand scenes fairer and more delicious than spring ever offered to the eye of mortals?

And, last and best of all, hath he not given us hope, whose glorious visions far exceed all that the May of life ever realized? The richest gifts showered on the earth; her diamonds, gold, and carpets of flowers; her power of renewing all her youthful charms at each revolving year, are nothing to those bestowed on man; his reason and his immortality.

Yet let us not undervalue our good old mother earth, for good she is, ay, and beautiful too, whether clothed in the eastern magnificence of imperial green, or basking in the glowing gold of summer sunshine; or flaunting like Joseph, in the many-colored coat of autumn; or, wrapped in her wintry winding-sheet, she awaits, like the just man, the hour when she shall arise more glorious for her long sleep.

Who can contemplate her smiling valleys, rich meadows, golden harvests, grateful flowers, whispering woods, endless winding rivers, boundless pathless seas, full-bosomed-hills—and cloud-capped mountains, without a feeling of awful recognition of Infinite Power? Who can behold the admirable union and aptness with which all these participate in one great end without doing homage to Infinite Wisdom?

And who can revel in the balmy air, inhale the breath of the meadows and flowers, listen to the music of her birds, her brooks, her whispering leaves, her answering echoes, and taste her other bounteous gifts of all that man can wish or enjoy, without bowing his head in grateful acknowledgement of Infinite Mercy.—*Paulding.*

HOPE.

'Hope is a pledge of glorious rest,
To weary mortals given;
We cultivate the flowers on earth,
And reap the fruit in heaven.'

What a solace to the care-worn, and sorrow-stricken bosom is hope, sweet hope! In the gloom of adversity and affliction, heaven-born hope whispers in accents of peace, that rest and comfort are yet in store. It stimulates us to penetrate the dense clouds which hover over us, and enjoy its good, while it is only in prospect. Misfortunes and disappointments encompass us about, griefs and sorrows weigh us down; the heart is drear and desolate---when hope, angel of mercy, steals into the desponding soul, and like the soft moonbeams upon the obscure paths of the forest, directs our course among flowery meads, and beside still waters. She not only strews her flowers in our pathway through this fluctuating world, but she points to the skies---to the blessed abode of peace, where the fulness of her promised pleasures are realized. Surely, the hope of rest in heaven is a pledge we will fondly cherish, a flower we will delight to cultivate, whose odors shall cheer us in life and carry us smoothly on to the elysian fields, where we shall feast upon the fruit in full fruition.

GEMS FOR CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

Help me, thou Friend of sinners, to be nothing, to say nothing, that thou mayst say and do every thing, and be my all in all.---*Whitefield.*

We want nothing but the return of apostolica. simplicity, self-denial and love, to bring a Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit upon our ministrations.—*Bridges.*

Our preaching ought to be above the rate of moral philosophers. Our divine orator should fetch not only his speculations and notions, but his materials for practice, from the evangelical writings; this he must do, or else he is no minister of the New Testament.—*Dr. J. Edwards.*

Choose rather to touch than to charm, to convert than to be admired, to force tears than applause. Give up everything to secure the salvation of your hearers.—*Gilbert.*

The great secret of ruling a church is to convince them that you love them, and say and do everything for their good.—*A. Fuller.*

The Christian minister should endeavor to turn the eyes of every one of his hearers on himself. *R. Hall.*

In my pursuits of whatever kind, let this come to my mind, 'How much shall I value this on my death bed?'—*President Edwards.*

A sermon should be made for a text, and not a text for a sermon.—*Burnet.*

Our want of usefulness is often to be ascribed to our want of spirituality, much oftener than to our want of natural ability.—*A. Fuller.*

Is it no disgrace for a minister of the gospel to waste his time in idleness?—*Macgill.*

When we have preached, we have but sown the seed, still we must look to God to water it.—*M. Henry's Sermons.*

Ambition and pride are the rankest poison in the church, when they are possessed by preachers.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

While we listen to the din of our own praises, we shall feel a fire that consumes the heart, rather than a shower that refreshes it.—*Campbell.*

Cold and lifeless, though ever so fine and well contrived, must those discourses be, that are of an unknown Christ,—*Leighton.*

Am I more fit to serve and to enjoy God than I was last week?—*S. Pearce.*

UNMARRIED LADIES.

The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much likewise of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. To how many a father, mother, brotner, and not less a sister, is she both a necessity and a blessing! How many orphans have to look up with gratitude to her care and kindness? How many nephews and neices owe their young felicities and improvements to her? Were every woman married, the paternal home would in declining life be a solitary abode, when affectionate attentions are most precious, and, but from such a source, not attainable. It is the single class of women which supplies most of our teachers and governesses; and from the lower ranks nearly all the domestic assistants of our households come. What vast changes not promotive of the general happiness would ensue in every station of life if every female married as soon as she was fully grown! Certainly human life would in that case have a different aspect, and must be regulated on a new principle, and would lead to consequences which cannot be calculated. The single woman is therefore as important an element of social and private happiness as the married one. The utilities of each are different, but both are necessary; and it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly reason and discreditable to every just feeling, for any one to depreciate the unmarried condition. If from what is beneficial we turn to what is interesting, the single lady is not surpassed by the wedded matron. For no small portion of her life, I think for the whole of it, with judicious conduct, she is indeed the more attractive personage. The wife resigns, or ought to resign, always her claims to general attention; and to concentrate and confine her regards, and wishes, and objects to her chosen companion, and domestic claims and scenes. She has quitted the public stage; she seeks no more the general gaze; she has become part of a distinct and separated proprietary. But the unmarried lady remains still a candidate for every honorable notice, and injures no one by receiving it. Those of the male sex who are in the same condition are at full liberty to pay her their proper attentions as she is to receive them. Being in this position as to society at large, she is always interesting wherever she goes; and if she preserve her good temper, her steady conduct, and her modest reputation undiminished, and cultivate her amiable, her intellectual, and her truly feminine qualities, she cannot go anywhere, in any station of life, without being an object of interest and pleasurable feeling to all those of her circle with whom she may choose to be acquainted.—*Turner's Sacred History.*

CHRISTIAN HONESTY.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door: out came a Hernouten, (better known by the name of United Brethren) with a beard silvered by age. 'Father,' says the officer, 'show me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging.' 'Presently,' replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley: 'There is the very thing we want,' says the captain. 'Have patience for a few minutes,' replied his guide, 'you shall be satisfied.' They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer upon this says to the conducter, 'Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this.' 'Very true, sir,' replied the good old man; 'but it was not mine.' This stroke, says the author who relates it, goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce any thing like this. And surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principles of moral taste.

THE SUM OF RELIGION.

He that fears the Lord of heaven and earth walks humbly before him, thankfully lays hold of the messages of religion by Jesus Christ; strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience, is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty, walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any lust or known sin; if he falls in the least measure, he is restless, till he has made his peace by true repentance; he who is true to his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor—that will not deliberately dishonor God, although with the greatest security of impunity; he that has his hope and his conversation in heaven; he that dares not do an unjust act although ever so much to his advantage; and all this, because he sees Him that is invisible, and fears him because he loves him; fears him as well for his goodness as his greatness. Such a man, *whatever* be his sect or profession, or by whatever religious name he calls himself or is called by others, he hath the life of religion in him, and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Savior, and go along with him to eternity.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

REV. JOSEPH WOLFE, THE MISSIONARY.

This eccentric convert from Judaism, after wandering for twenty years in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, proclaiming every where the gospel of Jesus Christ, has at length, it seems, settled down as the pastor of a small parish in Yorkshire, Eng. A correspondent in London sends us the following notice of him.—*New York Observer.*

LONDON, Oct. 15th, 1839.

Upon the bleak moors of Yorkshire, about four miles from Huddonfield, and surrounded by the rugged scenery of Linthwaite, lives that singular and eccentric character, Dr Wolf. You have no doubt read some account of his journeys in Palestine and India, in search of the ten lost tribes of Israel. A small church of recent construction standing upon the summit of the hills, and visible from the road, is the most conspicuous object in this neighborhood. A few rude stone built cottages with their stone roofs are scattered here and there upon the declivities of the naked, cold and barren hills. Thorns and briars can scarcely find a footing, and one feels that the curse upon Adam's first transgression is carried out to the very letter.

About £30 a year is all the Doctor receives for his official duties in this humble sphere of action. But an active man may always be useful, and I believe it is generally true that those who are of most service to others are least provident for themselves. I was much delighted to learn that the Doctor had recently opened a free school for the instruction of the neighboring clergy in the Hebre language. They meet once a week at the Doctor's house, and the present class is composed of six. I met one of his pupils at my old friend, Mr Stabie's, Crosland Hall, near Huddersfield, from whom I received this information. In addition to his Hebrew school his parochial duties are singularly useful, and he has been the instrument of correcting one most extraordinary local error which was common amongst his parishioners. You remember that most solemn and impressive sermon of our Savior upon the Mount, Blessed are the Peace Makers, &c.

In Yorkshire the small weavers and manufacturers who make a single piece of cloth and

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take it to market, and (before machinery had superseded manual labor this was the general course of the woollen trade,) are called piece makers. These hard working but simple minded people took the blessing of our Savior all to themselves, and had no idea that reference was made to any other peace-makers than the makers of a piece of cloth. Dr Wolff has rendered service by correcting this popular error in his own parish, and no doubt the correction will extend to others.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PRESIDENCY OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr Benjamin Colman, the learned and faithful Pastor of Brattle Street Church in Boston, was twice elected to this honorable place; for which his eminent gifts, his classical taste, his skill in the art of government, and the general influence of his character alike with the clergy and the people peculiarly fitted him. For various reasons, however, he saw fit to decline this honor, though he was earnestly solicited. But in his reply to the Overseers, having 'craved leave to say,' 'That I must readily own, *I am very much disinclined to leave my church*, or to undertake an office so much above me, as that of President of Harvard College; which,' as he adds, 'I have never sought, but modestly shunned,'—he thus gives at large his opinion of what the qualifications of a President of Harvard College should be.

'*A man of God*,' says he, 'should be set at the Head of it, of conspicuous godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness;—an upright and faithful man, in whom all who are any ways related unto or concerned for the College, may put an entire confidence.

One, that will not only be a kind and tender father to our sons, as well as a careful governor of them; but will also desire to be found a spiritual father unto them, by the will of God.

A man of Prayer, one who will be fervent in supplication for, and over, our children night and day; as well as one apt to teach, and to expound the word of God to them, and to preach frequently, at least occasionally to them.

A man, in whom gravity, humility, and the meekness of wisdom is joined with a good degree of constancy and resolution;—which happy conjunction will afford a wise and steady conduct, the best spirit of government for such a society and most commanding the love and reverence of the students together.

A President, who is like to be a fast friend to these churches of our Lord Jesus; in whom they may always find (through grace) a ready servant and a dutiful son.—One, who is like to be diligent and industrious in the discharge of the duties of his station, and who will give himself wholly to them.

'But there is one thing more, which meeting with all the rest of these accomplishments is as much to be desired, viz—that he be one in the middle age of life, which as it may invite him into a return to academical studies, so will give us an agreeable prospect of many year's service from him, if it please God to prolong his life.'

Dr Colman was chosen as the successor of President Leverett, who died in 1724. He was himself at the time of his election in the fifty-first year of his age, and in the fulness of his fame and usefulness. It was lamented as a serious loss to the College, to the church and the whole community that he could not be prevailed upon to accept an office, for which his character and attainments as a man, a Scholar, and Divine so eminently qualified him.

HARVARDIENSIS.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

Now that another year has died and been removed from our sight, the subject of death becomes an interesting one for contemplation and reflection. Something of mystery almost always shrouds this subject. Almost invariably some questions are suggested by death, which we cannot in the present state answer. The infant in its beauty dies, and as the parent looks upon its pale face more beautiful even in death than in life, in its coffin than in its cradle, she cannot but hear the question frequently whispered to her, 'why did it die?' The young man dies in the very midst of his studies and his usefulness, when perhaps years of toil have been endured to enable him to gain the education, to which his noblest powers aspire, and at length, all obstacles overcome, he is seated among his books, pursuing eagerly his investigations and rejoicing in the new truths, which open in boundless succession before him. But now he perceives with alarm perhaps, that his days are numbered, for admonitions of death come frequently and with solemnity, from his feeble and wasting frame. And soon his books are given up, and his eye, which sparkled with the animation of health and the joy of successful study, now is brightened only by the death-light of consumption. He dies, and friends anxiously ask, 'why did he die?'

The man in the strength of life, with a family around him dependant upon his exertions, is cut down, and the question again comes up, 'why?'

Certainly great mystery hangs over death, but we are able partly if not wholly to solve it. Without religious faith which is ever present to say, God is good, and the Judge of all the earth will do right, we should be perplexed and almost confounded. As it is, in the first moments of the anguish of separation, even the Christian seems unable to fathom the meaning of the mystery.

But this mystery of death is not equally great in all instances. When the aged die, we seem to see something natural. The *ripened fruit*, why should it not be gathered? But if the fruit, which has hung for so many years on its tree, is not *ripened?* Then indeed we see the saddest of all mysteries. Earth presents no image, which can picture with sufficient sadness, the death of an unprepared old man.

And when the infant is taken in the loveliness of innocence, we can see kindness in the dispensation, which permits that innocence to unfold into perfection without being soiled with the stains of earth. And as the mother bends over her child, so quiet and lovely, even she, in all her sorrow, can see many a clear intimation of mercy.

And when the young man, around whom so many hopes cluster, goes, it is hard at first to see why he is taken. But the mystery is not unsolvable. How many of the most promising of earth have been taken in early manhood Can we not see any reasons, which go towards explaining the mystery? Is the death of Buckminster inexplicable? God saw fit to take him to himself; why, we cannot fully answer, but undoubtedly for some holy and benevolent purpose. The powers which fitted him for such usefulness here, fitted him for greater usefulness in the other world. Then too, he died not *young*. If years are counted, he was indeed young, but if character and attainments are considered, how far advanced in life was he. How much has he lived in his few years!

And when the man in the meridian of life goes, we are not left wholly in mystery, if at least he has been a faithful man. It is worth remarking that, in proportion to a man's virtue and growth in the religious character, it is easy to find explanations of the mystery of his death There is no death from which all mystery is so entirely removed, as from the death of the holiest being who ever lived. The death of Jesus is not only free from mystery itself, but it assists us to explain the mystery of all deaths. It is only when the vicious and worldly die, that an impenetrable mystery hangs over the grave. We can then only say, 'he is gone, God is merciful. Let Him do what seemeth to him good.'

At times undoubtedly the subject of one's own death comes before the mind of all. But how differently is it regarded. Some drive away the thought as a most unwelcome intruder, and if ever the subject is pressed close home by the death of some near friend, they shrink from it as from a bitter enemy. This is unmanly and unchristian, for as we must all die, we should at times bring the thought of death clearly before our minds and look it steadily in the face. Other persons think much of their own death, but think of it only with gloom, as the crushing of hopes and the disappointment of plans. To such persons we might say, are your hopes brighter than were Buckminster's, or your plans better designed to improve your fellow-men than his? Yet death came upon him, but it came not as an enemy.

What course shall we take then? How and how much shall we think of death? Evidently we ought not to regard it with gloom, because it is ordered by our best Friend; and we ought to think of it frequently, till the fact, that we must die, becomes a living fact and one that we realize. With this consciousness of our mortality, we shall be able to engage in our various duties as Christians and men We shall not be discouraged by it from engaging earnestly in our business. We shall only be led to ask ourselves, 'are we engaged in business worthy of immortal beings?' If we are, then we shall work the more heartily, because we shall wish to do the most we can, and we shall be persuaded too, that even if we are taken away in the midst of our plans, we shall be fitted to enter upon new ones. It is not enough for us to think of our death as a possibility, we should think of it as a reality, and one that may take place, we know not how soon. And therefore it is well for us to take the opportunities afforded by the departing of one year and the coming of another, to realize the fact that *we* may die, before another year shall address us.

H. H. J.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INSTALLATION.

Mr Editor.—Having been present at the Installation of Rev. William H. Kinsley, over the First Congregational Society in Stow, on the twenty ninth instant; I would give a brief notice of it to all interested. Every thing conspired to render this occasion pleasant and auspicious. The call of the Society was unanimous. The day was fine. There was a full council, and a large congregation, and to heighten the interest, a beautifully decorated church reminded us, that it was the anniversary of our Savior's birth, on which his servant was to be introduced to his sacred office. In the spirit of this occasion, the preacher, Rev. Dr Brazer of Salem, announced for his text these words, 'The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them, which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.' After a beautiful and impressive description of the nature of this darkness, and this light, the preacher remarked that this light was the Savior of the world. The substance of his discourse was an answer to the inquiries *from what* does Christ save us? and *how* does he save us? It was a fresh, clear and impressive exhibition of the great points of Liberal Christianity contrasted with other views generally received. Although mainly doctrinal, it was so full of the spirit, as well as the truth of the gospel, as to have nothing of the dryness or bitterness of controversy. There were passages in it of great power. It left, impressed on the mind, in sharp outline, a connected, and beautiful view of the great features of Liberal Christianity. It removed all theological obscurities from the subject, and presented Christianity in as simple, rational, and beautiful a light, as that in which nature itself is clothed. I cannot but think, that such discourses are exceedingly appropriate and useful, occasionally even among us. There is not yet such a knowledge of Liberal Christianity, that the people do not need, more distinct, and just, and awakening views of its main truths.

The other services of this occasion were as follows: Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr Lamson, of Berlin. Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr Frost, of Concord. Installing Prayer, by Rev. Mr Allen, of Bolton. Charge, by Rev. Mr Dean, of Boston. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr Morse, of Marlboro'. Address to the people, by Rev. Mr Dean. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr White, of Littleton. Benediction by the Pastor.

These services were all interesting. The solemn counsels and Christian sympathy, from so many fathers in the ministry, must have united the hearts, of pastor and people more tenderly to each other and to the neighboring churches. This occasion was an illustration of the reality and worth of that religion it was designed to promote. How much deeper the satisfaction, that filled each breast; how much holier those emotions that beamed from each countenance, than those we ever witness in assemblies for merely worldly objects? It must have been peculiarly gratifying and encouraging to this Society, to witness the satisfaction of the neighboring clergy, in seeing them again well settled in the ministry. May their best hopes and prospects be more than realized.

F.

That knowledge of doctrine which does not endear the preceptive part of God's word only hardens the heart, and leads to every degree of evil. The man who knows the doctrine and does not honor the precept, is in the most awful state of all.—*Howells.*

For the Register and Observer.

LETTER FROM MR HUNTINGTON.

Buffalo, Aug. 25, 1839.

Dear Sir,—A five days' voyage by steam, over lakes hardly ruffled by the wind, has brought us safely and pleasantly to this port. About four hours sail wafted us across the head of the Lake to Michigan city, a small, new, uncomfortable looking village built upon a great sand-bank; with sufficient stagnant water in the neighborhood to poison all the air, at this season. Nearly one half of the inhabitants are at this moment sick either of billious fever, or ague and fever. We had similar accounts concerning the health of St. Joseph's, and many of the towns in the interior of Michigan—especially along the lake shore, and the river courses. Michilimackinac seemed to be very healthy. Here we saw some hundreds of Indians encamped on the beach, with their immense birch-bark canoes drawn up by the side of their tents and wigwams. Some of them were richly dressed in blue broadcloth cloaks and robes; and wore abundance of rings and pendants in their noses and ears; and silver chains, crescents and circles on their necks and breasts. The leggins and moccasins of many of them were beautifully wrought with small blue, red and white beads, or wampum. Being better acquainted with the geography of the island than the rest of the company, I acted as their guide to the fort, the arched Bridge, and the Sugar loaf rock, or natural pyramid. They professed to be richly rewarded in visiting these objects of curiosity. The steward brought away from the island some fine fish, called salmon-trout, weighing 40 or 50 pounds apiece, abundance of which are caught about the island. With these he regaled us, while we were making our ocean way down lake Huron. The next morning, while off Saginaw Bay, we were for an hour or two out of sight of land. The most of our voyage, however, we had land in plain view on our starboard side. The third day of our voyage, we stopped an hour in the evening at Detroit, and left about 10, for Toledo, where our boat touched to take in wood, at early dawn, the next morning. As ours was a Maumee boat, (the Gen. Wayne) she ascended the river some 10 miles higher, to Perrysburg. In both these places, as well as in Maumee city, there was so much sickness, that all business seemed to have been suspended; and there were hardly well people enough to take care of the sick. There was actually an unpleasant effluvium from the stagnant waters of the river, as they were disturbed by the paddle-wheels of the boat. It was nearly noon before we got clear of the Stygian stream, and were again ploughing the purer waves of lake Erie, and passed the scene of Perry's victory. Our voyage down the lake was agreeable. We touched at Sandusky, towards evening; at Cleveland about midnight; and arrived at Buffalo, about dusk, on Saturday evening. The first thing I did, after supper, was to call on Mr Hosmer. As he was suffering under the effects of cold, with considerable hoarseness, my arrival seemed quite opportune, and I consented to preach for him the next day. His church is well filled. I think his congregation has increased very much since I was last here, two and a half years ago. Mr H's ministry has been laborious, and eminently successful. He has won not only the confidence and affection of his own people, but the respect and esteem of those who once opposed him. It is thus that Unitarianism declares its noiseless triumphs. Mr H. was the projector of the old colony mission, commenced in the spring of 1837; and is still very deeply interested in the subject of sending the Gospel to the extreme West.

It is presumed that none who believe in Christianity, will deny or doubt the duty of extending its benefits as widely as possible. Christianity is eminently a proselyting system; and it is only by sending forth missionaries with the word of life, that the earth is to be 'filled with the knowledge of the Lord.' The gospel must be published by the living voice, as well as by the voiceless but all pervading press. The Founder of our religion, himself the Prince of Evangelists, organized the *first* missionary enterprise, when he sent forth his disciples through all the valleys of Judea, to announce the glad tidings of the kingdom of heaven. Christ would have every one of his followers, in some manner, a herald of the cross. On a single occasion, he sent out seventy missionaries to preach 'the everlasting gospel;' and afterward 'ordained other seventy,' to travel and labor in the same holy cause. To one individual, who professed attachment to his religion, but desired to be excused from taking an active part in its spread, till he should have seen the last offices of filial duty decently paid to his father, he said, 'Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God.' Upon the rich young man, who made such high pretensions to virtue, he laid the posing and seemingly severe condition, to 'go and sell all his possessions,'—great as they were—and distribute to the poor, and follow *him* in the thorny road of a self-sacrificing benevolence. To his bosom friends, when taking his final leave of them, he explicitly said, 'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' We do go for missions then, for none can doubt of their being entirely in the spirit of that religion whose author and first propagators were all missionaries. For ourselves, we are glad that any Christians are found of faith so strong and resources so ample, as to be emboldened to push the standard of the cross up to he very walls of Paganism. Although *we* should not feel ourselves justified in flinging away our 'mite' upon those distant and formidable enterprises, because we think this mite will produce a greater amount of benefit when expended upon the ignorant of our own country, we bid others 'God speed,' who deem it *their* duty to send the gospel to the heathen.

But those that object to Foreign Missions, should at least pause before they pronounce a sweeping sentence of condemnation upon those missionary enterprises, whose operation and contemplated benefits do not wander beyond the limits of our own country. Though we send the living word to the remotest outposts of western emigration, still we have not half the difficulties to overcome, which are to be encountered by those who attempt to penetrate the darkness that broods over the heathen. The expense of supporting missions in the West is comparatively trifling. Our missionaries have not to turn their back upon their own country, and do violence to the thousand tender ties which bind their hearts to it. They have no seas to traverse, save those of our own northern boundary, which serve to shorten the time of passing over to the Mississippi valley, and thus bring 'those that go and those that stay' practically near each other. They have not new languages to learn, when they arrive at the place of their destination. They have no translations of the scripture to prepare with great labor, and publish at vast expense. They have no pagan prejudices and superstitions to combat. They meet with people there of a common origin and kindred views and feelings; who are waiting and longing for their arrival, and far more willing than they are able to sustain. They need have no fears that the moment the toil of preaching is suspended, the effluent wave of a headstrong and unteachable idolatry will overwhelm them, and at one rush obliterate their tedious and expensive labors. The ground which the Christian missionary reclaims in the West, may without difficulty be secured by the faithful pastor.

But there are those who tell us they have little faith in these Western missions. This is because they have not yet been made acquainted with their actual results. If they could see and hear what has been seen and heard by our missionaries, they would not refuse us their sympathy, and turn away with the cold and untrue remark, that people go to the Westonly 'to buy and sell and get gain; and when once there, have neither time nor inclination to talk or think about religion.' Is it to be supposed that the Western people are without the religious sentiment, or that they are not desirous of observing Christian worship and our religion's holy rites, after their manner? That they have not generally as yet, tasteful and commodious edifices in which to worship God, is not their fault; for these are of course beyond the resources of newly arrived emigrants, who amidst the difficulties of unaccustomed situations, and the exhaustion of their finances by a tedious wayfaring,—perhaps by sickness brought on through exposure to an uncongenial climate,—are struggling at present to supply the first necessities. That they have not a more learned ministry is their misfortune. That some of them do not exhibit a larger share of charity for those that differ from themselves, and less of a superstitious veneration for the immoveable landmarks of humanly worded creeds is perhaps in some measure their fault. But, that they possess so much genuine piety, and manifest so much respect for religious institutions, so much zeal in defending and propagating what they believe to be 'the truth as it is in Jesus,'—is greatly to their praise.

(*To be continued.*)

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor—From an old manuscript book of one Samuel Penny, dated 1676, containing a Latin Accidence, Maxims &c., I have the pleasure to transcribe and transmit the following Psalms; done (probably by him) into Latin rhyme. They are specimens of a sort of translation admirably close and singularly amusing.

Yours, A.

PSALM I.

Beatus qui non ambulat
In via peccatoris,
Nec stat cum pravis, nec sedet
In sede derisoris:
Sed ipse lege Domini
Delicias præbebit;
Et ipse lege jugiter
Hic studio studebit:
Ut arbor erit viridis,
Per rivulos plantata,
Quæ opportuno tempore
Fructus producit grata.

PSALM XXIII. pars.

Est pastor meus Dominus,
Qui puro pastu fovet,
Et manu forti me tenet;
Idcirco nil me movet.
In pascua recentia
Mentem meam levavit;
Ad aquas duxit placidas,
Et me restrigoravit.
Quamquam in calles devios
Erravi, me reduxit
In semitas justitiæ;
Me sua lege struxit.
Quid si mortis caligines
Obumbrant, nil timebo:
Tutamen meum Dominus
Dat causam qua gaudebo.
Mensam repletam dapibus,
Haste invito, dedisti;
Caput unxisti Balsamo,
Et pocula plevisti.
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CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 4, 1840.

MR NORTON'S DISCOURSE.

(Concluded.)

Mr Norton's view is that miracles are the only sufficient, unquestionable evidence of a divine revelation. Deny to Christianity the validity and authority of its miracles, and its *peculiar* character is at once lost—its claim to a peculiar force and position in relation to man can no longer be sustained. After the most careful reflection we are persuaded he is right. We embrace the proposition. He does not deny that particular circumstances may render a revelation probable, credible—but that they are of themselves a sufficient proof. With miracles, they can do much—without miracles they are inefficient. Take from Jesus his *miraculousness* and you have sapped the foundations of his power—you have broken his sceptre and dethroned him. His precepts, teachings, wisdom will continue to have considerable influence but no *singular* impressiveness. The loveliness and greatness of his character will still deeply interest the affections—but can exert no specific power over them. His doctrines will still feed the souls of a certain class of men with living bread, but it will bear no certain marks that it came more directly from heaven. Christianity has lost its peculiar relation to our moral nature. Its waters flow and mingle with a thousand other streams. Jesus stands on a level with the great teachers of mankind. His sun has become a bright particular star in the superior constellation. The crown is rudely plucked from his brow. He is no longer a king.

But it is said there are moral miracles equally certain and striking. We shall not deny there *may be* moral miracles. Undoubtedly the moral laws with which we are connected, are as perfect and real as the physical laws that meet us on every side. Undoubtedly too there are limits to our moral ability, which to pass would be clearly miraculous. But the difficulty here is, we are so poorly acquainted with the laws that govern and determine the developement of our moral nature, and those that prevail in the moral world with which we are connected, that we cannot judge of their suspension or transgression. We know not the extent of the soul's moral power, to what heights of beauty and grandeur it may, without any extraordinary assistance, attain, what celestial energies it may put forth, what transcendent loveliness it may manifest. It is not possible for us to say when an individual in his spiritual progress has surpassed his natural force. The spirit as it rises may come within the sphere of spiritual laws—the effects and influences of which are surprising—but of whose existence we as yet have not the faintest conception.

Can any one suppose that if Jesus had not wrought physical miracles, a peculiar, divine authority would have been ascribed to him? That he would have commenced a new era in the world's history, that the Gentiles would have been converted by the mere impotence of preaching? That the Scythian, the Roman the Gaul would have been arrested, aroused, subdued by the magic energy of his name? That the unjust, the cruel, the oppressive would, in all ages since, have trembled at its mention? It seems to us that there can here be no difference of opinion. Would the iron hearted people of that empire, have been awakened, quickened, regenerated by dissertations on the beauty of Christ's character, or the excellence of his precepts, or the adaptation of his doctrines to their spiritual wants? The supposition is almost ludicrous. Let those believe it who can. We shall as soon believe that moonbeams can melt mountains.

As the Apostle says, if Christ had not risen, the great miracle, then preaching would have been vain, utterly powerless. Persons of wonderful moral superiority have appeared at various times—but none thought of attributing to them a peculiar divine authority. We hardly need mention Socrates. His character and perceptions were far above even the ideas of the greater portion of his countrymen. But they never viewed him as endowed with a God-derived authority. His influence has been great—but there has been nothing singular in its kind. Look on Fenelon—in the midst of gross selfishness—free from its every stain, in the midst of cant and hypocrisy discovering, at all times, the most simple and touching sincerity, in the midst of reckless ambition, as mild and unaspiring as a child, in the midst of reeking licentiousness, as pure as the unstained heavens! But who has ever supposed he had a peculiar connexion with God. Contemplate our own Washington! How much of the Divinity is revealed through his character? If after some battle he had passed over the field, healed and restored his mangled soldiers, and raised the dead to full and vigorous life, we should have no difficulty in believing he was specially commissioned from above. But as he did no miracle, though his moral qualities and attainments almost transcend our highest conceptions, we cannot admit he possessed any peculiar authority. He stands only in the more elevated places of humanity. We do not believe any degree of spiritual attributes, any loveliness or sublimity of excellence could convince the world of a divine mission. If Christ had not done those works, which the power of God alone could effect, he never would have wielded any peculiar authority over man. He would not have changed the condition and history of nations. He would not have given a new and nobler direction to human affections and energies. His words would not have possessed so surpassing, so thrilling power. He never would have reigned and triumphed in the hearts and hopes of our race.

SERGEANT BELL AND HIS RAREE-SHOW.
Published by Perkins and Marvin, 114 Washington st.

This is a nice little book for children, containing a good deal of information, historical, biographical, geographical, &c. It is illustrated with many wood-cuts by Minot, Parmelee, Artherton, &c., and will be an inviting present to the young folks at New Year's. Being an English publication, it contains many allusions and expressions, such as 'our gallant Nelson,' 'his grace the Duke of Wellington,' &c., and a great deal of disquisition about the battle of Waterloo that are not so well suited to our American meridian. The account of this battle occupies 23 pages out of 144, and there is a little too much of fight and carnage for our taste. However, if we can't have children's books on American subjects, we will not grumble if all the English reprints are as entertaining as this little volume.—*Communicated.*

WATCHMAN OF THE SOUTH.

We sometime since called on the Editor of this paper to prove the statement he made in regard to Dr Priestley. He has paid no attention to the request. If he has it has escaped us. We have not yet seen the results of *his pious* labors to lessen the estimation in which a good and great man is held. *He* may think it a small matter to send forth reckless and injurious charges in relation to one of the venerated dead. To us however it appears a very serious matter. Of all sacrileges it is the most heinous and the least pardonable. The example and influence of such men are the riches of the world. To throw the shadow of distrust over them is to do an injury to the present and coming generations. If he cannot confirm his statement let him confess that his *zeal* supplied his knowledge, and we will pity and forgive him. And if he will allow us to offer him a word of advice—we would suggest whether it would not be well, while watching for the souls of others, to have some little regard for his own. He may yet be *compelled* to make the discovery that uncharitableness in the heart is more dangerous than error in the intellect.

For the Register and Observer.

SPINOZA'S SYSTEM.

One of the earliest accounts of Spinoza was that written by John Colerus, minister of the Lutheran Church at the Hague, in which city Spinoza resided during the last eight or nine years of his life, and at which place he died. Colerus lodged in the same house and lived in the same room which had been occupied by Spinoza. Much of his information concerning Spinoza's personal history and character he obtained from his landlord and landlady, and from '*some persons who were familiarly* acquainted with him, and who are alive still.' Mosheim says, 'The Life of Spinoza has been accurately written by Colerus,' and Paulus annexed it to his edition of Spinoza's Works. It was originally published in Dutch at Utrecht in 1697, twenty years after Spinoza's death. It was published in French at the Hague in 1706, and an English translation, 'done out of French,' was printed at London in the same year. We happen to have in our possession a copy of this rare book, which formerly belonged to the Rev. Thomas Prince, Pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, and author of the 'Annals,' or Chronological History of New England. The following is the account which Colerus gives of the prominent point in Spinoza's system.

'Several writings which Spinoza left after his death were printed in 1677, in which year he also died. They are called his posthumous works.

'Several learned men have already sufficiently discovered the impious doctrines contained in those posthumous works, and have given notice to everybody to beware of them. I shall only add some few things to what has been said by them.

'The treatise of *Morals* begins with some definitions or descriptions of the Deity. Who would not think at first, considering so fine a beginning, that he is reading a Christian philosopher? All those definitions are fine, especially the sixth, wherein Spinoza says that 'God is an infinite Being; that is, a substance, which contains in itself an infinity of attributes, every one whereof represents and expresses an eternal and infinite substance.' But when we inquire more narrowly into his opinions, we find that the God of Spinoza is a mere phantom, an imaginary God, who is nothing less than God. And therefore the *words of the* Apostle, (Titus i. 16) *concerning impious men*, may be very well applied to that philosopher, 'They profess that they know God, but in *works they deny him*.' What David says of ungodly men (Psalm xiv. 1,) does likewise suit him, 'The fool has said in his heart, there is no God.' This is the true opinion of Spinoza, whatever he might say. He takes the liberty to use the word God, and to take it in a sense unknown to all Christians. This he confesses himself in his twenty-first letter to Mr Oldenburg. 'I acknowledge,' says he 'that I have a notion of God and Nature very different from that of the modern Christians. I believe that God is the *immanent*, and not the *transient* cause of all things. Deum rerum omnium causam immanentem, non vero transeuntem statuo.' And to confirm his opinion, he *alleges these words of St. Paul*, 'In *him* we live, and move, and have our being.' (Acts, xvii. 28.)

In order to understand him, we must consider that a *transient* cause is that, the productions whereof are external, or out of itself; as a man who throws a stone into the air, or a carpenter who builds a house: whereas the *immanent* cause acts inwardly, and is confined within itself, without acting outwardly. Thus when a man's soul thinks of or desires something, it is or remains in that thought or desire, without going out of it, and is the *immanent* cause thereof. In the same manner the God of Spinoza is the cause of the universe wherein he is, and he is not beyond it. But because the universe has some bounds, it would follow that God is a limited and finite being. And though he says that God is infinite, and comprehends an infinity of perfections, *he* must needs play with the words *eternal* and *infinite*, seeing he cannot understand by them a being which did not subsist before time was, and before any other being was created; but he calls that infinite wherein the human understanding can neither find an end nor any bounds: for he thinks the productions of God are so numerous, that man, with all the strength of his mind, cannot conceive any bounds in them. Besides, they are so solid, and so well settled and connected one with another, that they shall last forever.

Nevertheless, he says in his twenty-first letter, that they were in the wrong who charged him with asserting that God and Matter, wherein God acts, are but one and the same thing. But after all, he cannot forbear confessing that Matter is a thing essential to the Deity, who is and works only in Matter, that is, in the Universe. The God of Spinoza is, therefore, nothing else but Nature, infinite, but corporeal and material, taken in general, and with all its modifications. For he supposes that there are two eternal properties in God, *cogitatio et extensio*, thinking and extension. By the first of those properties God is contained in the universe itself; and both joined together make up what he calls God.

As far as I am able to understand Spinoza, the dispute between us Christians and him runs upon this, viz: Whether the true God be an eternal substance, differing and distinct from the whole of Nature, and whether by a free act of his will he produced the world and all creatures out of nothing; or whether the Universe and all the beings it comprehends do essentially belong to the nature of God, being considered as a substance, whose thought and extension are infinite. Spinoza maintains the last proposition. Thus he owns, indeed, that God is the general cause of all things; but he pretends that God produces them *necessarily*, without freedom and choice, and without consulting his

will. In like manner, every thing that happens in the world, good or evil, virtue or vice, sin or good works, does *necessarily* proceed from him; and consequently there ought to be no judgment, no punishment, no resurrection, no salvation, no damnation. For if it were so, that imaginary God would punish and reward *his* own work, as a child does his baby. Is it not the most pernicious *atheism* that ever was seen in the world? And therefore Mr Burmann, a reformed minister at Enkhuysen, calls Spinoza, with great reason, the most impious *atheist* that ever lived upon the face of the earth.'

The following Hymns, sung at the celebration of the Sunday school belonging to Mr Damon's parish, West Cambridge, Sept. 5, have in some way till now escaped our notice.—Thinking that, though late, they will be read with interest by many, we give as we find them.

I.

BY MRS H. WHITTEMORE.

Jesus! we would come before Thee,
With a song of grateful praise;
While our infant hearts adore Thee
For our happy Sabbath days.

Those sweet Sabbath hours have taught us
We belong, O Lord, to Thee;
That thy precious blood has bought us
Shed so free on Calvary

Endow our Teachers with thy Spirit,
To thy glory may they live;
And at last, may they inherit
Bliss, that Thou alone, canst give.

For thy lambs, dear Jesus, own us,
Let us in thy fold remain;
And for all thy mercy shown us,
Blessed be thy Holy Name.

Yet once more, thy grace entreating,
May we all thy love discern;
With thy presence bless this meeting,
'Till our hearts within us, burn.

And when death these ties shall sever,
Breaking up this Sabbath band,
Reunited, may we ever
Dwell with Thee, at God's right hand.

II.

BY MRS O. WHITTEMORE.

All gracious Lord—we would adore
Thy matchless love by which we're bless'd;
We feel thy goodness and thy power,
Which to our spirits stand confess'd.

Oh—wilt thou bless this little band,
These Children of the Sabbath School;
Oh gently take them by the hand,
And in their minds forever rule

Here—'neath the Heavens, so clear and bright,
May their young hearts with fervour glow;
May they resolve with all their might,
The gospel's sacred truths to know.

Oh, may their youthful hearts aspire
To leave the world, and follow Thee;
And may it be their souls' desire
With spirits meek to bend the knee:

May heavenly hope, and joy attend
With light divine, their journey here:
Their souls to Thee, we would commend;
Wilt thou, oh God! be ever near.

If young in years they're called away
From this fair world and all its charms,
Oh, may they hear the Saviour say,
Thrice welcome Children to my arms.

WOMAN'S MISSION. Wm. Crosby & Co.

This is a most excellent book. It is seldom that we read one that gives more satisfaction. It abounds in fine thoughts and the best sentiments. It should be studied with the heart by every woman in our country.

What we might attempt to say, we find well said in the notice, by Rev. E. S. Gannett. We therefore give it entire.

The American publishers have been encouraged to reprint this little volume—the production of an English lady, residing near London—from a belief that it is suited to do much good. Avoiding all pretension to novelty or fine writing, it presents a calm but earnest discussion of the duty and privilege of Christian woman. With singular freedom from extravagance, and yet with bold and firm distinctness, it holds before the view of the reader the position which woman was meant to occupy in the system of social existence established by the Creator The principal points on which the writer insists, are these: that woman has an office of the utmost importance to discharge, a mission to fulfil which is inferior in the magnitude of its results to no other that can be sustained by a human being; that the sphere for the execution of her high duty is home, over which she must shed her controlling influence; that the chief instrument on which she must rely for exerting influence, is character—her own character; and that the strength and beauty of character must be drawn from Christian faith.

These topics, with others that are auxiliary to them, are treated in such a manner as cannot fail to convey instruction, if not pleasure, to the reader. They are topics of great worth and meaning, of great depth and extent. Woman *has* a work to do, which neither she, nor any one of the other sex, should consider inferior to the service performed by the private or the public man, of whatever station. It belongs to her to mould the character of childhood, to soften the harshness of temper and life which man is apt to acquire by exposure to worldly influences, and to diffuse through society the gentle and generous, the pure and divine spirit of excellence. She is therefore invested with a great responsibleness; which she must understand and consider, or she cannot be faithful to her position. In the fulfilment of her work two spheres of action are open to her, in both of which she must be ready to appear as occasion may arise, but one of which, rather than the other, her physical and moral characteristics concur with the present organization of society, and as I conceive, with the providence and will of God, in designating as peculiarly suitable for the display of her activity. She can labor both at home and abroad for the good of others, and for the satisfaction of her own conscience; but that home is emphatically, and in a much larger sense of her appropriate labors, the general consent of mankind and the intrinsic proprieties of the case seem to establish. Here, however, it is not an exertion of physical strength which is required of her; nor may she rely on direct instruction, whether it be given in the form of counsel or rebuke, be suggestive or restrictive in it nature; so much as upon the influence of a consistent character, based on principle, rendered at once harmonious in itself and attractive to others by the spirit of love by which it shall be pervaded, and exhibiting in its various manifestation the graces of spiritual accomplishment. Such a character is the result of the action of Christianity upon the mind and heart. The true Christian alone is its possessor; and so far only as Christianity acquires its rightful power over her whom it has raised from physical and moral debasement, can she exert the influence which as the creature of God, and the equal partaker with man in the tasks and the trusts, the responsibilities and the privileges, of life, she is bound to acquire and maintain.

The book, then, whose pages here invite attention, is addressed to woman in the midst of life's duties, encircled, as she is, by the circumstances of the present age, and holding, as she does, in her hands the character of the age that will follow. It deserves the perusal, not of mothers only, but of every one who is the possessor of female influence—that intangible but universal power, which, more perhaps than any other, guides the progress and shapes the destinies of humanity. E. S. G.

BOSTON, Dec., 1839.

The Treasurer of the Evangelical Missionary Society of Massuchusetts, acknowledges the receipt of fifty four dollars and fifty cents, being a donation from Ladies of the Rev. Alonzo Hill's Society in Worcester, Mass.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS ANNA CLAPP.

Died in Scituate, Dec. 22d, Mrs Anna, wife of Mr Nathaniel Clapp, jr, aged 25 years.

Hark! there 's a voice upon the wintry air,
As shrill and clear it stirs the leafless boughs,
And swells its music on the breathing gale.
Is it the voice of gladness, such as erst
In the gay spring-time rang through nature's halls,
And echoed from her rocks and hills and streams?
Is it the voice of joy, that floated on
Borne by the summer breeze, when the bright earth
Was resting sweetly in its flowery garb?
Is it the voice of mirth, like that which swept
On the white fields, in merry harvest time,
When o'er the ripened grain the sickle passed,
To gather in the clustering fruits of toil?
No, no! these in the noiseless flow of time,
Have melted like the meteor's transient flash;
And from the sky there sounds a trumpet note,
Blown by an angel's breath, who waits unmoved,
For the young victim to attend his call.
'Tis strange, 'tis wonderful! Could not some one
Less lovely and less pure, have filled the shroud
He folds beneath his wings? Could not some shrine
Less sacred, be invaded by his power?
Could not some home less warm with love, some heart
Less strongly bound by friendship's silken chain,
Feel the cold pressure of his icy hand?
Could not some friendless outcast, who had nought,
Save the wide canopy of heaven, to shield
His fainting, weary form, from winter's blast,
And who would fain find him a quiet rest
Far down within the silent, dreamless grave;
Could not he cross the dark, cold stream of Death,
And leave this young, this bright and happy one,
To linger yet a while on earth? to cheer
With the soft words of love a partner's heart
To watch with joy her infant's budding life,
To lead it forward on its untried path,
And guide it in the rosy way of peace?
No—the green earth threw off its smiling garb,
And in its wintry vestment there was found
No bower of safety for the fragile plant.
Like the sweet flowret, that can only bloom
'Neath the soft summer heaven, but fades and droops
When the wild autumn music fills the wood,
Thus has she passed away.

Fond memory
Will linger many a sad and weary hour,
Around her snow-wreathed bed, and sighs and tears
Will shed their hallowed offerings on her grave,
But she will heed them not!

Like the bright star,
That gilds the calm serenity of heaven,
Thus will she deck the paradise of God,
And shine undimmed in her celestial home.
And when in after years, that infant one
Who ne'er has learnt to lisp a gentle word,
Comes with a beaming eye, and trembling asks
Its parent's quiet resting place, how sweet
To whisper to its pure and trusting heart,
Thy mother lives in Heaven!

Mourner, look up!
Dost thou not hear a voice as from on high,
That penetrates the caverns of thy soul,
'I am the resurrection and the life'?
Then rest thee and be calm. A few short days,
And thou shalt pass the golden gates of joy,
And join thy loved one in the world of light.
Not as when here she bloomed, but brighter far
Than a frail tenant of mortality
Could ever boast; not a slight form of clay,
But the pure essence of a seraph soul.
Not the companion of a fleeting dream,
But an eternal spirit, that shall live
To see the stormy waves of death pass o'er
Terrestrial glories, and shall tread the courts
Of the Redeemer's New Jerusalem,
A blessed harper in the angel choir. L. B. T.

For the Register and Observer.

MR REUEL FIELD.

Died at Mobile, Dec. 1st, 1839, Mr Reuel Field, aged 23, a native of Mercer, Maine, and for the last two years a merchant of Mobile.

Mr Field for many years resided in Boston, and very many acquainted with him then, no doubt with the writer of this, accord to him the character of a most excellent and worthy young man, and most sincerely regret his death. 'All who knew him loved him.'

I send for insertion in your paper, the following proceedings.

At a meeting of the friends of the late Reuel Field, held at the Rooms of the Mercantile Library Association, in Boston, December 17th, 1839.

Mr Samuel E. Sawyer, offered the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, The premature death of Mr Reuel Field, formerly a member, and for several years a faithful and highly esteemed Officer of this Association, calls upon us unitedly to express in an appropriate manner, our sincere regard for him, as a devoted and valuable associate, and our deep regret for the loss we have sustained. Therefore

Resolved, That we cordially unite in sympathizing with the afflicted parents and friends of the deceased, in the dispensation of Providence, which has deprived them of an amiable son and devoted friend, and that we heartily regret the loss of one, for whom we cherished so much respect and esteem.

Mr Charles L. Pitts, offered the following, which was also unanimously adopted.

That as members of the Benevolent Fraternity of the Mercantile Library Association, we most sincerely regret the death of our beloved friend and brother, Reuel Field, and that we fully concur in the Resolutions offered by Mr Sawyer, in paying this small tribute to the memory of a 'Friend of Torrey.'

A copy of the Resolutions were transmitted to the parents of the deceased, by a vote of the meeting.

INTELLIGENCE.

Congress.—But very little business has as yet been transacted in Congress. On Tuesday both the Houses adjourned to Friday, 28th, and after the business of Tuesday they adjourned to Monday 30th.

A brief abstract of the President's Message to Congress was promised last week, for this week's paper, but our limits will require it to be very brief.

The leading topics are, our foreign relations which present a favorable aspect;—the settlement of the North Eastern boundary question, and also of the boundary of our territory from the entrance of the Lake Superior, to the North-Western point of the Lake of the Woods, which by stipulation is to be referred to some friendly sovereign or state. A strong hope is expressed of a speedy and amicable adjustment of these boundaries.

In reference to the late border troubles growing out of the war in Canada, the President says:

Within the Provinces themselves tranquility is restored; and, on our frontier, that misguided sympathy in favor of popular rights, and which in some instances misled a few of our more inexperienced citizens, has subsided into a rational conviction strongly opposed to all intermeddling with the internal affairs of our neighbors. The people of the United States feel, as it is hoped they always will, a warm solicitude for the success of all who are sincerely endeavoring to improve the political condition of mankind. This generous feeling they cherish towards the most distant nations; and it was natural, therefore, that it should be awakened with more than common warmth in behalf of their immediate neighbors. But it does not belong to their character, as a community, to seek the gratification of those feelings in acts which violate their duty as citizens, endanger the peace of their country, and tend to bring upon it the stain of a violated faith towards foreign nations. If, zealous to confer benefits on others, they appear for a moment to lose sight of the permanent obligations imposed upon them as citizens, they are seldom long misled. From all the information I receive, confirmed to some extent by personal observation, I am satisfied that no one can now hope to engage in such enterprise without encountering public indignation, in addition to the severest penalties of the law.

Reference is made to treaties recently made with the Kings of Sardinia and the Netherlands. Our claims on Mexico have not been settled, but negociations are in train for their settlement which it is believed will be successful.

Reference is made to the several reports of the Treasury, Navy, Army, and Post Office Departments, for information on those subjects.

Commissioners from the United States and from Texas are now engaged in fixing the boundaries between the two countries.

Negociations have been entered on for a renewal of the former treaty of the United States with Central America. Our relations with the other South American Governments remain as they were.

The financial concerns of the country are next referred to and stated to be prosperous. Reference is next made to the preemption law in behalf of settlers on public lands—also to the defences of the country, and the organization of the Militia. The Exploring Expedition, the Post office, Post routes &c., receive a due share of reflection, and some explanations and recommendations are made respecting them.

The remaining part of the address—quite the largest portion of it—is taken up by suggestions in regard to the project of an Independent Treasury. To understand the argument, this part of the Address must be read in full. It does not come within the province of this paper to express an opinion of it.

Another Great Storm.—A storm of great violence occurred on Friday afternoon and night, of last week. The wind increased during the night to a terrific tempest. It was from East by South, and was at its height toward morning.

The distress and loss of life has been but little, as far as we have heard, in comparison with that by the gale of Dec. 15th; but the loss and the damage done to vessels was very great in this city, and in several other places, from which we have heard.

Temperance in Kentucky.—Strong efforts have recently been made in some parts of Kentucky for a modification of their laws in regard to the sale of alcoholic drinks. The Bench and Bar of one of the Judicial Districts have unanimously memorialised the Legislature on the subject. The Editor of the Examiner, published at Princeton Ky. expresses the opinion that a large majority of the people, in all portions of the state would vote for a law restraining the use of spirits.

Victims of Intemperance.—The superintendent of the Tennessee State Prison, reports to the Legislature that, out of one hundred and fifty-four convicts now in that establishment, *sixty-one* attribute their crime directly to to the use of ardent spirits; *sixty-six* are habitual, and *eighty-two* occasional drunkards; leaving only *six* persons out of the whole number 'who abstain from the use of ardent spirits.' What an awful commentary on the proposition to reopen the tipping shops!—*Lanc. Obs.*

General Harrison.—General Wm. Henry Harrison, who recently received the nomination of the Whig convention at Harrisburg, as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, is a son of Benjamin Harrison, a distinguished citizen of Virginia, a member of the Congress of 1774, 1775, and 1776 and one of the signers of the declaration of Independence. General Harrison was born on the 9th of February 1773, and is consequently in the 67th year of his age.

Waterville College.—This Institution has become considerably embarrassed in its pecuniary affairs, and on this account President Patterson has resigned his office as head of the Institution. It was reported that the course of instruction would be abandoned. But the truth of this is denied, by the friends of the college. As soon as the embarrassments referred to were known to the people of Waterville, a public meeting of the citizens was held, and a subscription of $10,000 was made, payable in five years, on the condition that within a year $40,000 more should be subscribed out of Waterville, on the same terms. There is reason to believe, we are told, that the proposed subscription will be filled up.

Oberlin Collegiate Institute.—It appears by the Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the flourishing institute, that the number of *students*, according to the catalogue, is 404, classified in the 'summary' as follows: Theological Students, 58; Collegiate, 70; Shorter course, 8; Male preparatory. 135; Young ladies, 133. Among those we notice, in the college course, the names of nine young ladies, 3 in the Junior class, 4 in the Freshman, and 2 in the Preparatory, college course.

Burning of a Church.—The following account of the burning of a church in Connecticut is from the Hartford Courant. It is given,—we are told, on the authority of S. P. Cowles, an agent of the Anti-Slavery Society.

Hartford, Dec. 12.—'Yesterday Mr. D. and myself visited Wolcott, for the purpose of attending the meeting of the New Haven County Anti-Slavery Society, notified to be held in that place. As we drove up to the public square, we saw that the friends of slavery had been at work in demolishing the Congregational Meeting-House in that place. It was completely destroyed by fire. From the best accounts we could collect, it is supposed that some person or persons entered the house on the evening of the 10th, and charged one of the stoves with powder, and fired the same about 11 o'clock, as a report similar to the firing of a cannon was heard about that time, about 3 o'clock, the house was discovered to be on fire. The meeting was held near the ruins of the church, and was attended by some 150 ladies and gentlemen, who were entertained two hours by spirited addresses.

Methodist Education Society.—A Society for the education of young men and women, has been formed under the title of the 'New England Wesleyan Education Society. The objects and leading rules of the Society may be learnt from the following articles.

Art. II. The object of this Society shall be to assist indigent young men in obtaining an education, preparatory for the gospel ministry, either at home or abroad; and also young people of both sexes for teachers in missionary stations.

Art. VI. All candidates for assistance shall be members, in full connection, of the M. E. Church; shall be at least 16 years of age; shall furnish satisfactory evidence of promising talents, decided piety, soundness in doctrine, destitution of property, and give satisfactory assurance of being employed through life, as Christian ministers, either at home or abroad, or as teachers in missionary stations. And if any beneficiary changes his pursuit, contrary to the spirit of the article, he shall refund the money which he has received, unless the Society at their annual meeting see fit to forgive him the debt.

Art. VII. All beneficiaries shall attend such schools as the Board may designate, and no one shall receive more than one hundred dollars annually. They shall also make quarterly returns of all their financial concerns, and of their progress in education, to the Corresponding Secretary, accompanied by a certificate from their instructor, testifying whether, in his opinion, they are suitable persons to receive the patronage of the Society.

THE EASTERN RAIL ROAD.—The Rail Road was opened from this to Ipswich for public travel, on Thursday last. The time taken between the two places is 30 minutes The Depot in this city now presents a stirring, busy scene. The number of arrivals and departures of trains is a little short of *thirty*, in the course of each day. The number of passengers we will not attempt to state In the course of a few minutes we spent at the depot the other evening, we witnessed no less than four arrivals of trains, and three departures. A real stirring, crowded scene is presented—travellers hurrying to and fro,—and engines advancing, backing and wheeling in great style, like fiery coursers preparing for a race.—*Salem Observer.*

Massachusetts Legislature.—The members elect of the Senate, and House of Representatives of the state, assembled at the State House, at eleven o'clock on Wednesday. The Senate was organized, the oath being administered to 26 members. Hon. Daniel S. King of Essex, was elected President, and Charles C. Calhoun, Clerk.

The House was called to order, by Isaac P. Davis, Esq., senior member of the Boston Delegation. It having been ascertained that a quorum of members legally qualified was present, the usual oath was administered.

The election of Clerk was the first business in order, Mr L. S. Cushing, received 372 of the 376 votes cast, and was declared elected. Next in order, was the choice of Speaker. The whole number of votes was 472, necessary for a choice 237. Robert C. Winthrop, Esq., had 239 and was declared elected. Nathaniel Wood, Esq., of Fitchburgh, had 221 votes, and there were 12 scattering, all for whig candidates, making the vote of the two parties to stand 251 to 221.

After the two Houses were organized, they proceeded with the Governor and Council, to the Old South Church, where the annual election Sermon was preached, by Rev. Dr Codman.

The Marblehead Rail Road was opened for public travel on Tuesday last, and between that and Saturday evening (5 days) more than a thousand passengers passed over the road.—*Salem Adv.*

The Boston and Portland Railroad is opened as far as East Kingston, N. H. forty-four miles from this city.

Dedication.—A new Universaist church was dedicated in Bath, Me. on the 12th of December. It is said by the Gospel Banner, to be one of the handsomest churches in the state. The proceeds of the sale of pews amounted to $900 more than the cost of the building.

Mission to Palestine.—Rev Dr. Black, Professor of Divinity in Aberdeen University, and Rev. Dr. Keith, author of several valuable works on prophecy—with others of a deputation from the Church in Scotland, have started on their way to Palestine, to ascertain the real state of the Jews, with the view of ultimately establishing missions among them

Foreign.—Some items of foreign news have been received which we omitted to state in our last paper.

England.—The Duke of Wellington has been dangerously ill, but the latest accounts state that he was then convalescent. He is now seventy years of age.

There is said to be no longer any doubt as to the marriage of Victoria in May next to Prince Albert. The Court Gazette says: Her majesty, who became Queen immediately on gaining her legal age as heiress apparent, is to become a wife close on the completion of her twenty-first year.

The British naval force in the Mediterranean now consists of 15 line-of-battle ships, 5 frigates, 5 sloops, 4 brigs, and 1 cutter of war, 4 steam frigates, 1 steam tender, 1 receiving ship, and 5 steam packets, and 1 bombard in the Post Office service—a much larger force in time of peace than at any period during the late war.

The Bank of England has increased her stock of specie to upwards, it is said, of £3,000,000, and may now pay to France the sum borrowed. Money is rather more plenty, though interest at 6 per cent is paid by the Bank *herself to merchants.* Nothing new from the East of Europe. In Spain a retrograde in the bright hopes of amendment is too obvious.

Liverpool, Nov 21.—The journals of to-day announce that the Queen held a council of her ministers on the 23d, to signify to them her intentions of marriage in April next, which is an interesting event to England, as connected with the Dynasty.

There is reason to apprehend that some hostile measures are on foot in relation to China, and that an attempt will be made at Canton to force that nation into some better commercial relations with Great Britain, perhaps the new fashion of blockade, without a declaration of war, will be a prominent measure, excluding all nations from trading there until her affairs are adjusted.

The Sabbath in England.—The Essex Herald, (English,) states that special efforts had recently been made by the Church Wardens, to stop the practice of Sunday trading in that town. The different trades—bakers, inn-keepers, shopkeepers, butchers, hair-dressers, &c., had held meetings to agree on a suspension of Sunday operations in their several professions.

Russia.—It has not been very generally noticed that by permission of the Shah of Persia, Russia has marched 12,000 troops into the northern frontiers of the Persian Empire, they are to be subsidised by Persia, and of course will thus be indirectly paid out of the revenues of the Shah.

Prussia.—The London Age says; 'The Jesuists have made an attempt to poison the King of Prussia. Popery is unchanged is it? The Archbishop of Posen has a plenary indulgence to take this truly *Protestant* Monarch's life by any means—We hope some zealous adherent of Protestant faith will prevent this. The fight must come, and Prussia nobly leads the way.'

Abolition Efforts in France.—An article from the pen of David Lee Child, in a late number of the Liberator, contains the following statement respecting the course of the French clergy in relation to the abolition efforts in France.

'The high catholic clergy were invited by the founders of the society to lend their aid. Without exception, they declined. Cardinal Cheverus and the Archbishop of Paris replied, that the office of the church was to make men good christians and that slavery was not incompatible with the performance of that duty. Formerly this would have had no effect upon the protestant ministry, unless to make them the more ready to pursue a counter course; but now, they as well as the catholic priest, are paid out of the public chest, and they study to keep the government and the dominant church in good humor, lest this boon should be withdrawn. As both of these have set their faces strongly against the agitation of the subject of abolition, the consciousness of this fact paralizes the protestant preachers.

Slavery in the French Colonies.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial, in a letter dated Paris, Oct. 15th writes as follows;

M. De Tocqueville, in the name of a committee of the chamber of deputies, has reported on the abolition of of slavery in the French colonies. The report concludes by recommending that measure, as follows;

'Your committee has been unanimously of opinion that the time has arrived for the final abolition of slavery in our colonies, and has examined as to the best means of effecting the object. One plan is to emancipate the slaves by slow degrees, the other to emancipate them all at once, and absolutely.

'Your committee, after mature inquiry and consideration, are unanimously of opinion that simultaneous emancipation presents fewer inconveniences and less peril than the gradual plan; and this also seems to be the opinion of the colonies.

'Your committee, therefore conclude that, in the session of 1841, a bill should be brought in for general and simultaneous abolition of slavery in the French colonies.

'That the slaveholders should receive an indemnification, for which the state shall be reimbursed by a tax on the wages of the liberated slaves.

'That the bill should establish regulations for insuring the labor of the liberated slaves, and for enlightening and preparing them for free labor.'

Latest from Europe.—The packet ship Mediator arrived at New York on Saturday last. Hon. Daniel Webster and Lady of this city came passengers. The Mediator sailed Nov. 20th. Later news has been received by the Louis Phillippe from Havre Dec. 4. She brings English dates of Dec. 2d.

It is stated that M. de Beaumont is appointed Minister of France to the United States, in place of M. Pontois, who has gone in the same capacity to Constantinople.

The reported intention of the Queen to espouse Albert, is confirmed

From the London Times.

Marriage intentions of the Queen —On Saturday evening, Nov. 23d, an extraordinary Gazette was published containing her Majesty's declaration to the Privy Council, announcing her Majesty's intention to ally herself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe Cobert and Gotha. The declaration is as follows:—

'I have caused you to be summoned at the present time in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people and the happiness of my future life.

'It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha.

'Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration; nor without feeling a strong assurance, that with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and serve the interest of my country.

'I have thought fit to make this resolution known to you at the earliest period, in order that you may be fully apprised of a matter so highly important to me and my kingdom, and which I have persuaded myself will be most acceptable to all my loving subjects.'

Whereupon all the privy Councillors present made their humble request to her majesty, that her Majesty's most gracious declaration to them might be made public; which her Majesty was pleased to order accordingly.

It is asserted that Lord Palmerston had written a note to our Minister, informing him of the intention of the British government to blockade the Chinese ports. It is stated that Lord John Russell was about to resume the Home Department, which he lately exchanged with Lord Normanby for the Colonial, and that he was to be succeeded in the latter by Lord Clarendon. Lord Normanby is to be indemnified by some other appointment which is not specified

REV. DR DEWEY'S NEW WORK.—Discourses and Discussions, in Explanation and Defence of Unitarianism. By Orville Dewey, pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York.

'This book, says the author, is designed to give a comprehensive reply to the question, *What is Unitarianism?* To offer a brief summary of the Unitarian belief; in the next place, to lay down the essential principles of all religious faith; thirdly, to state and defend our construction, as it is generally held among us of the Christian doctrines; fourthly, to illustrate by analogy, our views of practical religion; and finally, in two closing discourses, to discuss the true proportion and harmony of the Christian character.'

Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court Street.

For sale also, by David Felt & Co., Charles S. Francis, and Gould, Newman & Saxton, New York. j 4

HOME—18th Edition.—This day published 'Home,' by Miss Sedgwick, author of R ..wood, Hope, Lesslie, &c., eighteenth edition.

'We hope that this book will be in every body's hands—and that every one who reads it will make the application, which it seems to us might be made of this beautiful story, to the practical purposes of life.'—*Salem Gazette.*

* * * Every page has the charm of perfect nature and strict truth. * * * No one can read it without catching some good influences. We have never met with any thing that seemed to realize more fully the common expression of a 'heaven upon earth,' than the home of this unpretending mechanic.'—*Boston Observer.*

JAMES MUNROE & CO., Boston Bookstore, 134 Washington street. jan 4

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.—This day published, the Christian Examiner, No. 96, for 1840.

CONTENTS.

Cudworth's Intellectual System.
Common School Journal.
Southey's Life of Cowper.
Conclusion of the Liverpool Controversy.
Prison Discipline Society.
The School Library.
Tracy's Translation of Medina.
The Life and Times of Martin Luther.
Notices and Intelligence.
Index, &c.

Boston Bookstore, JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. dec 28

REPLY TO NORTON'S REMARKS ON SPINOZA.—A Second Letter to Mr Andrews Norton, occasioned by his defence of a Discourse on 'The Latest Form of Infidelity.' By George Ripley.

This day published, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. jan 4

PROF. LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.—Voices of the Night, by Henry W. Longfellow. Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. dec 28

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Irving's Sketch Book, Tales of a Traveller, &c. &c.
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Sunday Library 4 vols. &c.

134 Washington Street. dec 28

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Jeremy Taylor's Works, 3 vols.
Plato's Divine Dialogues.
Jeremy Taylors' Works, 3 vols. 8vo.
The Works of Lawrence Sterne, 1 vol.
Dr Davys' Researches, Physiological and Anatomical.
Crawfurds' Embassy, 4 vols.
Valpys' Edition of Shakspeare, 15 vols.
Boswell's Life of Johnson, 8 vols.
Bartletts' Memoirs of Bishop Butler, 8vo. &c. &c. &c.
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'The most useful and popular botanical work that has ever appeared in the English language.'—Jameson's Philosophical Journal.

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Lecture 3. The Personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit.
Lecture 4. The Atonement.
Lecture 5. Original Sin.
Lecture 6. Total Depravity.
Lecture 7. Election and Reprobation.
Lecture 8. Justification by Faith and Works.
Lecture 9. Salvation.
Lecture 10. Regeneration.
Lecture 11. What is Christianity?
Lecture 12. What is it to be a Christian?
Lecture 13. How does a man become a Christian?
Lecture 14. Origin, Nature and Tendency of Creeds.

A few copies for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street, opposite School Street. jan 4

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For sale by SIMPKINS, at the Tremont Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. dec. 28.

FURNESS' FAMILY PRAYERS.—Domestic Worship by W. P. Furness 12mo.

The present volume has been prepared in compliance with repeated requests and under the conviction that it will meet the wants of many and foster in the hearts of others the spirit of prayer which it aims to express. To those who are disposed to ask with the disciples of Jesus 'Teach us to pray,' I hope this book may render some assistance, and that its influence may be to encourage them in the use of forms of their own.—*Preface.*

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NEW TESTAMENT.—The New Testament in an improved version, from the basis of Archbishop Newcome's New Translation, with a corrected text, and Notes critical and explanatory. 5th edition, published by the Unitarian Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Practice of Virtue by the distribution of Books. 12mo, London. A few copies for sale by

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'The American publishers have been encouraged to reprint this little volume—the production of an English lady residing near London—from a belief that it is suited to do much good. Avoiding all pretensions to novelty or fine writing, it presents a calm but earnest discussion of the duty and privilege of Christian woman. With singular freedom from extravagance, and yet with bold and firm distinctness, it holds before the view of the reader the position which woman was meant to occupy in the system of social existence established by the Creator.'

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118, Washington street. jan. 4.

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Having had 20 years experience he has afforded relief to about 1,500 for the last three years, all may rest assured of relief who call and try Trusses of his manufacture, for he is now confident he can give every individual relief, who may be disposed to call on him.

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☞ The public are cautioned against the many Quacks who promise what they cannot perform ☜

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J. F. F. manufactures as many as twenty different kinds similar to these that the late Mr JOHN BEATH, of this city formerly made, together with the Patent Elastic Spring Truss, with spring pads; Trusses without steel springs (these give relief in all cases of rupture, and in a large portion produce a perfect cure—they can be worn day and night; Improved Hinge and Pivot Truss; Umbilical Spring Trusses made in four different ways; Trusses with Ball and Socket joints; Trusses for Prolapsus Ani by wearing which, persons troubled with a decant of the rectum, can ride on horseback with perfect ease and safety. Mr F. also makes Trusses for Prolapsus Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, Knee Caps, and Back Boards are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience, and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufactories, which they can have; if his do not suit them after a fair trial, they can exchange for any of them: Dr Hulls; Read's Spiral Truss; Rundell's do; Farr's do; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's Patent; French do; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do; Shaker's Rocking Trussea; Heintzleman's India Rubber Pad, made in Philadelphia; Ivory turned Pad Trusses; Stone's do, double and single; also Trusses for children, of all sizes.

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JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.
Boston 1840.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. WARREN.

Boston, Jan. 8th, 1835.

Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with Hernia have suffered much from the want of a skilful workman in accommodating Trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beath. After some months observation of his work, I am satisfied

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE PROPHET UNVEILED.

Kindly he did receive us, where he dwelt,
And in his smile and eye I inly felt
The self-same power, the influence mild and grand,
Which o'er our kindled souls had held command,
When to the page his mind had wrought, we turned.
But now anew our hearts within us burned,
As side by side we hearkened to his talk,
Or rambled with him in his morning walk.
Unveiled he stood, and beautiful he moved
Amid home-sympathies;—a heart that loved
Nature as dearly as a gentle mother,
And man as a great spirit and a brother.
In the clear, deepening river of his thought
Welling in tones and words by nature taught—
In the mild lustre of a long-lashed eye,
And round the delicate lips—how artlessly
Broke forth the eloquent language of his mind!
I listened and I looked—but could not find
Courage or words to tell my sympathy
With all this deep-toned wisdom borne to me.
Still less could I declare how ere I knew
The spell his *visible* presence o'er me threw,
The page his inspiration wrought had warmed
Daily to life the faith within me f[illegible]med,
Of Nature's great relationship to man—
So far his speed of sight my own outran.
And I spoke, it seemed to me my thought
Was but a pale and broken reflex caught
From his own orb;—so silently I sat,
Drinking in truth and beauty. Yet there was that
In his serene and sympathising smile,
Which as I listened, told me all the while,
That nearer intercourse might give me right
To come within the region of his light;—
Not to be dazzled, moth-like, by his flame,
But go as independent as I came.

* * * * * *

And once again, within the lighted hall
Where Mind and Beauty gathered to his call,
We heard *him* speak. Upon his eye and tongue,
Dropping their golden thoughts, we mutely hung.
Aurora-shootings, mixed with summer lightning,
Meteors of truth through beauty's sky still brightening—
Phœnix-lived things born amid stars and flashes,
And rising rocket-winged from their own glimmering ashes—
Pearls prodigally rained, too large and fast—
Rich music-tones too sweet and rare to last,—
Such seemed his natural utterance as it passed.
And yet the steadier light that shone alway,
Looked down on these amid the rapid play,
And warmed around us like the sunlight mild,
And Truth in Beauty's robes stood by and smiled.

X.

For the Register and Observer.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BY THOS. DAWES.

When, on the wings of hope and love,
To thee, great God, our thought would soar,
Send thy blest spirit from above,
And teach thy children to adore.
Make us to *feel* thy presence now,
While at a Father's throne we bow.

We come with awe and holy fear,
Believers in thy missioned Son,
Who promised that our God would hear
The spirit's prayer of every one.
With trustful hearts we seek thy shrine,
For we are *his*—and his are *thine*.

Another year has rolled along,
Death's hand the ranks of life has thinned,
We live to raise our thankful song,
We live—and yet, alas, we 've sinned.
Great is thy love—thy mercy sure—
O make us pure—as thou art pure.

We 've sinned—and at thy Throne of Grace
We ask forgiveness of our sin!
Look on us, with a Father's face,
Though erring children we have been.
Father, smile on us from above,
As thou hast loved—teach us to love.

The genial glow of morning's prime,
That wakes the woodland songster's lay,
The blush that paints the western clime,
When wooing clouds the sun delay;
The morning's dawn—the day's decline
Rejoice in Thee—for they are thine.

And we, though changed by weeks and days,
With many duties yet undone,
Would teach our lips to sing Thy praise,
Thou Infinite, Eternal One!
O fill our hearts with love divine,
And thus, kind Parent, make *us* thine.

As Jesus lived, teach us to live,
That as thy children we may die;
As we receive, teach us to give,
And fix on Him our kindling eye.
Strangers awhile we here must roam
Until thy angels take us home.

In every pain—in worldly loss
Teach us thy chastening hand to see,
Thus may we bear the Savior's cross
In thankful, bold humility.
Bear it as He to Calvary bore,
Trusting in him who 's gone before.

For the Register and Observer.

STANZAS,

Suggested by a Conversation with Mrs G——.

'What is fame to a heart yearning for affection?'
Mrs Hemans.

O, clear is the clarion voice of fame,
When she lifts her trump on high,
And utters abroad her favorite's name,
Through the broad, o'erarching sky:
And proud is the thought, that to catch that name,
The ear of the great world turns;
But what is fame's voice, to the lone, lone heart,
That deep for affection yearns?

And bright is the wreath round genius' brow,
Where laurel and myrtle twine,
And delightful it were to the soul, to know
It owned that power divine—
The power to give birth to the glowing thought
That through wide earth moves and burns
But, ah, what were e'en this, to the lone, lone heart,
That deep for affection yearns?

Then strike from her hand the raised trumpet of fame,
And tear the wreath from her brow!
Let the voices I love breathe my humble name,
In murmurs, gentle and low;
And give me to dwell in some lowly spot,
Where no worldly voice comes stern;
And how blest is my fate, secure in the hearts,
That deep with affection yearn!

And when life's glimmering torch-light fails,
O, make ye my quiet home,
Where some wild-blooming vine o'er its green roof trails,
And songs of the wood-birds come:
And, oh, raise ye no senseless marble above,
And no coldly sculptured urn!
But let true sorrow's tears fall, warm, from the hearts,
That deep with affection yearn!

Cambridgeport. A. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Journal of a Scottish Minister.]

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

We were just turning the corner of the lane to regain the high road, when a woman from a cottage in an adjoining field, came running to intercept us. There was in her look a wildness bordering on distraction; but it was evidently of no painful kind. She seemed like one not recovered from the first shock of some delightful surprise, too much for the frail fabric of mortality to bear without tottering to its very foundation. The minister checked his horse, whose bridle she grasped convulsively, panting, partly from fatigue, and more from emotion, endeavoring, but vainly, to give utterance to the tidings with which her bosom labored. Twice she looked up, shook her head, and was silent; then, with a strong effort, faltered out, 'He's come back; the Lord be praised for it.' 'Who is come back, Jenny?' said the pastor, in the deepest tone of sympathy; 'is it little Andrew ye mean?' 'Andrew!' re-echoed the matron, with an expression of contempt which, at any other time, this favorite grand-child would have been very far from calling forth, 'Andrew! *Andrew's father*, I mean—*my ain first-born son*, I mean Jemie, that I wore mournings for till they would wear nae longer, and thought lying fifty fathoms down in solid ice, in yon wild place, Greenland, or torn to pieces wi' savage bears, like the mocking bairns in Scripture. 'He's yonder!' said she, wildly pointing to the house; he's yonder living, and living like; and o'gin ye wad come and maybe speak a word in season to us; we might be better able to praise the Lord, as his due.'

We turned our horses' heads and followed her, as she run, or rather flew, towards the cottage, with the instinct of some animal long separated from its offspring. The little boy before mentioned ran out to hold our horses, and whispered, as the minister stopped, to stroke his head. 'Daddy's come hame frae the sea.'

The scene within the cottage baffles description. The old mother, exhausted with her exertion, had sunk down beside her son on the edge of the bed on which he was sitting, where his blind and bed-ridden father lay, and clasped his withered hands in speechless prayer. His lips continued to move, unconscious of his presence, and ever and anon he stretched forth a feeble arm to ascertain the actual vicinity of his long-mourned son. On a low stool, before the once gay and handsome, but now frost-nipt and hunger-worn mariner, sat his young wife, her hand firmly clasped to his, her fixed eye riveted on his countenance, giving no other sign of life than a convulsive pressure of the former, or a big drop descending unwiped from the latter; while her unemployed hand was plucking, quite mechanically, the badge of widowhood from her duffle cloak, which (having just reached home as her husband knocked at her father's door) was yet lying across her knee.

The poor sailor gazed on all around him with somewhat of a bewildered air, but most of all upon a rosy creature between his knees, of about a year and a half old, born just after his departure, and who had only learned the sad word 'daddy,' from the childish prattle of his elder brother, Andrew, and his sisters. Of these, one had been summoned, wild and barelegged, from the herding; the other, meek and modest from the village school. The former, idle and untractable, half shrunk in fear of her returned parent's well-remembered strictness; the other, too young not to have forgotten his person, only wondered whether this was the Father in heaven of whom she had heard so often. She did not think it could be so, for there was no grief nor trouble there, and this father looked as if he had seen much of it.

Such was the group, to whose emotions, almost too much for human nature, our entrance gave a turn. 'Jemie,' said the good pastor, gentle pressing the still united hands of the mariner and his faithful Annie, 'you are welcome back from the gates of death and the perils of the deep. Well is it said, that they who go down to the sea in ships see more of the wonders of the Lord than any other men, but it is not from storm and tempest alone that you have been delivered—cold and famine, want and nakedness, wild beasts to devour, and darkness to dismay—these have been around your dreary path, but He that was with you was mightier than all that was against you; and you are returned a living man, to tell the wondrous tale. Let us praise the Lord, my friends for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men.' We all knelt down and joined in the brief but fervent prayer that followed. The stranger's heartfelt sigh of sympathy mingled with the pastor's pious orisons, with the feeble accents of decrepitude, the lisp of wondering childhood, the soul felt piety of rescued manhood, and the deep, unutterable gratitude of a wife and mother's heart.

For such high-wrought emotions, prayer is the only adequate channel. They found vent in it, and were calmed and subdued to the level of ordinary utterance. The minister kindly addressed Jemie, and drew forth by his judicious questions, the leading features of that marvellous history of peril and privations endured by the crew of a Greenland ship detained a winter on the ice, with which all are now familiar, but of which a Parry or a Franklin can perhaps alone appreciate the horrors.—They were related with a simplicity that did them ample justice.

'I never despaired, sir,' said the hardy Scotchman; 'we were young and stout; Providence aye, when at the worst, did us some good turn, and this kept up our hearts. We had mostly a' wives and mothers at hame, and kent that prayers wadna be wanting for our safety; and little as men may think o' them on land, or even at sea on a prosperous voyage, a winter at the pole makes prayers precious. We had little to do but sleep; and oh, the nights were long. I was a great dreamer, and—ye manna be angry, sir, [turning to the minister,] the seeing Annie and the bairns amaist ilka time I lay down, and a' braw and buskitt, did mair to keep up my hopes than a' the rest; I never could see wee Jonnie though,' said he, smiling and kissing the child on his knee; 'I saw a cradle well enough, but the face o' the bit creature in't I never could mak' out, and it vexed me; and whiles I thought my babie was dead, and whiles I feared it had never been born: But God be praised he's here, and no unlike myself neither.' I shook the weather beaten sailor warmly by the hand, and begging leave to come and hear more of his history at a future season, followed the minister to the door. 'Andrew,' said he, giving the little patient equerry a bright new sixpence, 'tell your daddy I gave you this for being a dutiful son to your mother when he was at sea.' The child's eye glistened as he ran in to execute the welcome command, and we rode off, our hearts too full for much communication.'

THE CONDITION OF SWEDEN.

Not very much is known among us, about Sweden, but a general impression prevails that it is one of the most quiet, contented, and prosperous countries in Europe. This, it now appears, is a great mistake. Laing's Travels, just published in England, have dispelled the illusion, and let in a flood of light on the whole subject; and many of his disclosures are extraordinary indeed. The striking contrast which he points out between Sweden and Norway, may well astonish us: countries bordering upon each other, and subject to the same monarch,—that is, to Bernadotte, the French Marshal; a man, by the way, who cannot so much as speak or understand either the Swedish or Norwegian language! Norway owes much to its local position. It owes however much more to its ancient social institutions. Sweden, on the other hand, is kept down by similar causes; by a large class of ignorant and privileged feudal nobles still remaining—the influence of the privileged trading classes, diffusing itself in customs which encourage dependence on other than the true distinctions of moral worth, and introduce habits adverse to steady industry and active virtue—the degrading remnants of feudal oppression weighing upon the peasantry and agricultural population—barbarous legislation, to the extent of permitting the commutation of corporal punishment for money, and the frequent and unjustifiable interference with the rights of person and property. Such are the causes specified by Laing. The monopoly system in the arts, the same which in England was abolished in 1623, continues in full force, so that, for example, every young artisan, before he is entitled to set up in his trade, must travel as a journeyman for at least two, in some trades for four or more years, working at his trade for improvement. Thus, at the period of life 'when he should be acquiring manual dexterity, and habits of steady industry and application, he is wandering like a vagabond, from town to town, without fixed home or constant work, and is subsisted, like a pauper, from the box of his trade, in the towns through which he passes.' This system would harldly suit our mechanics, but they should know that it prevails pretty generally over the Continent, and that in England itself there is by no means the same freedom for industry which exists here.

Four-fifths of the Swedish population however is agricultural. This increases one's surprise at their character. We expect morality, if not prosperity, from such a people. But here again the whole social system is as bad as possible. The peasantry and laborers are little better than slaves. The land has got into the hands of a few. Corporal punishment is still common. Self-respect and independence are discouraged in every way. Nothing like an English or American yeomanry could seem to be known. As one illustration the posting system may be mentioned. The farmers in the district round every post station are obliged, according to a regular course of duty, to furnish horses for the use of the station. 'A lad, sometimes a girl, comes with horse and cart—there are generally three or four at once in the yard of the public house—and lounges about in the gin shop or in the yard till a traveller arrives, or until their time of waiting is out. They are then relieved by another set. . . . If not drinking, they are idling and wasting time to no purpose, for three or four hours, two or three times each week.' For the use of his horses, the farmer receives only a nominal compensation. The moral results of this policy are obvious enough. This, we suppose, would by no means suit the American farmers.

Now for the effect of all these causes. Laing makes it out that in the year 1835, one person in every 140 of the whole population, and in 1836, one in every 134, was convicted of offences, 'involving moral delinquency greater than the simple breach of a regulation or conventional law of the State.' He adds, that in Norway, in the year 1835 one only in 1402 of the total population was convicted of criminal offence; in Denmark, one in 943; in Scotland, in 1836, one in 1099; in England and Wales, in 1831, one in 1005. In Ireland, in 1834, the committals were one in 371 1-2 of the population, and the convictions one in 557; being less than the convictions in Sweden, in the proportion of 1 to 4, in a population nearly three times more numerous than the Swedish. This statement is founded on official documents, and with few exceptions, is sustained by the very accurate statistical calculations of Mr Forsell, published in 1835. This state of things is altogether an anomaly, considering that it occurs, as the Edinburg Reviewer of Laing suggests, in a country engaged almost entirely in agricultural occupations—supposed to be the most favorable to the morality of a nation; that they have 'no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no influx of strangers; no considerable city except one; that there is generally diffused refinement of manners and taste, that 'domestic education has outstripped the schoolmaster;' that every one can give an account of the principles of his religion; that there are 'schools and universities in full proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment, undisturbed in its labors by sect or schism.' This religion, to be sure, is chiefly theoretical. It consists of a lifeless system of ancient forms. The people, as Laing states, are educated up to a certain point—that of being able to read and understand the church catechism, so as to be entitled to confirmation, and to be received as communicants. Here the working of the establishment seems to stop.

'All beyond this is mere attention to ceremonial; to saints' days; to high mass; to church forms; to the decorations of the altar; to offerings, and such observances.' There may be some question whether such a religion does more harm or good.

Of course, pauperism and drunkenness both prevail extensively in Sweden;—facts, again, which will be new to many. Forsell asserts that one-fourth of the population are very poor, and another fourth not much better off. In 1825, one-fifth of the population required relief. The same writer shows that the consumption of brandy was, in 1785, when Finland was united to Sweden, 5,400,000 Kanns. In 1829, it had increased to 22,000,000 Kanns without Finland. It had thus increased considerably more than 300 per cent. in that period; while the population has, within the last twenty years, during a favorable period of peace, increased only 20 per cent.

Such is the general condition of Sweden. The exceptions are few and far between. One of them, however, is so light a spot amid the darkness of the picture, that we cannot forbear concluding our gloomy sketch with it, by way of relief. We refer to the Angermann land, a Northern province. 'The people of these two countries, North and South Angermannland, seem to unite, on a small scale, all the advantages of a manufacturing and agricultural population more fully than any district I ever saw. The land is all in small estates, in the possession of the peasantry. The men do the farm business; the women are driving not a less profitable branch of industry. There is full employment at the loom or in spinning, for old and young of the female sex. Servants are no burden.

About the houses, and inside, there is all the cleanliness and neatness of a thriving manufacturing, and the abundance of an agricultural population. The table linen, laid down even for your glass of milk and piece of bread, is always clean; the beds and sheets are always nice and white. Every body is well clad; for their manufacturing is like their farming, for their own use in the first place, and the surplus only, as a secondary object, for sale; and from the number of little nick-nacks in their houses, such as good tables and chairs, window curtains and blinds—which no hut is without—clocks, fine bedding, papered rooms, and a few books, it is evident that they lay out their earnings on their comforts, and they are not on a low scale of social well-being, but on as high a scale as such of our artisans as have a clear view of constant living by their trades. This is Sweden. It is here, in the northern provinces, that what a country may justly be proud of, is realized. In this upper country are a fine, hardy race of people. In spots distant many miles from any other habitation, they set up their log house; clear their patch of ground; display much skill in their thrifty agricultural management; contrive to keep a family by the aid of fishing, snaring ptarmigan and using bark meal; and pay their taxes by the manufacture of tar, potash and salt petre. Even amidst this hard struggle for the means of existence, the education of their children is not neglected. They attain gradually a certain degree of comfort. Mr Laing passed some days in the house of one of these peasants, at a settlement that had grown into a dozen houses. Being engaged one morning early in fishing, he came unexpectedly upon a party of six or eight men, women, and young people, gathered in a snug hollow of the river bank, which only an angler would have thought of visiting at so early an hour. One man, with his hat off, was reading the Bible to the others, and just concluding and shutting the book. They seemed in a little confusion until they saw that he was fishing, and taking no notice of them. They were a party of Laeseren readers; a numerous and increasing religious sect, which the clergy are attempting to put down. Here are the seeds of religious liberty.

It is consoling to know that such seeds are doing their work now pretty extensively. Things are growing better, though slowly. Sweden moves sluggishly, but she will be reformed at last.—*Journal of Commerce.*

TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—The subscriber would remind those who are in search of good Books for children, as presents on the approaching Holidays, that he has on hand a very extensive variety. But as difficult to make a general list, he has selected a few, which may be relied upon for their real worth, and as very appropriate presents for Christmas and New Year.

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.—This day published, the Christian Examiner, No. 96, for 1840.

CONTENTS.

Cudworth's Intellectual System.
Common School Journal.
Southey's Life of Cowper.
Conclusion of the Liverpool Controversy.
Prison Discipline Society.
The School Library.
Tracy's Translation of Medina.
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